ZION'S HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY SOLOMON SIAS, FOR THE NEW ENGLAND AND MAINE CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH....G. V. H. FORBES, EDITOR.

Vol. V. | BOSTON: WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1827. | No. 1.

ZION'S HERALD.

CONFERENCE PRESS—CONGRESS STREET.

T. ASHLEY, PRINTER.

CONDITIONS.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year—One half payable the first of January, the other the first of July.

☞No subscription received for less than half a year.

The papers will be forwarded to all subscribers until a request is made for their discontinuance.

Agents are allowed every *tenth* copy.—All the Preachers in the Methodist connexion are authorized to act as Agents, in obtaining subscribers and receiving payment.—In making communications, they are requested to be very particular in giving the *names* and *residences* of subscribers, and the amount to be credited to each, in all remittances.

Communications intended for publication, or on business, should be addressed to the Publisher.

☞All communications (except those of Agents) must be *post paid.*

GENERAL AGENTS.

Rev. James Keyes, St. Louis, Missouri.

Charles Roche, Esq. Halifax, Nova Scotia.

MISCELLANY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Mr. Editor,—Having been favored with the perusal of an ancient book, the title page of which is gone, and the author unknown, I take the liberty of making such extracts from it as shall be both instructive and useful to the Christian of any denomination. As the work is out of print, I deem it a duty I owe to my Christian brethren to lay before them some of its excellences. It being written, perhaps, two hundred years ago, of course some alterations must take place with regard to its phraseology, retaining, at the same time, its sentiments entire. TIMOTHEUS.

A CORDIAL FOR THE PURE IN HEART.

Stand amazed at this privilege, that you who are worms of the dust, should be admitted to the blessed sight of God to all eternity. It was Moses's prayer, "I beseech thee show me thy glory." The saints shall behold God's glory; the pure in heart shall have the same blessedness that God himself hath; for what is the blessedness of God, but the contemplation of his own infinite beauty.

Begin your sight of God here; let the eye of your faith be still upon God. Moses by faith "saw him who is invisible." Look often upon him with believing eyes, whom you hope to see with glorified eyes. "Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord;" while others are looking towards the earth, as though they would derive all their comforts thence, let us look up to heaven—there is the best prospect; the sight of God by faith would let in much joy to the soul. "Though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable."

Let this be as a cordial to revive the pure in heart. Be comforted with this, and you shall shortly see God. The godly behold many disagreeable things; they see a body of death, they see the sword of persecution unsheathed, they see rebellion against holiness wearing the mask of religion—these sights occasion sorrow; but there is a blessed sight in reversion, "they shall see God;" and in him are all sparkling beauties, and ravishing joys to be found.

Be not discouraged at sufferings; all the injury affliction and death can do, is to give you a sight of God; as one said to his fellow martyr, "One half hour in glory will make us forget our pain;" the sun arising, all the dark shadows of the night fly away. When the pleasant beams of God's countenance shall begin to shine upon the soul in heaven, then sorrows and sufferings shall be no more—the dark shadows of the night shall be dissipated. The thoughts of this beatifical vision should carry a Christian with joy through the waters of affliction. This made Job so willing to embrace death. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms devour this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." P.

A PEACEFUL SPIRIT.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

The curtains of the tabernacle were to be looped together, Exod. xxvi. 3, 4. So should the hearts of Christians be looped together in peace and unity. A peaceful spirit seems to be agreeable to the natural frame and disposition. Man by nature seems to be a peaceful creature, fitter to handle the plough than the sword. Other creatures are naturally armed with some kind of weapon wherewith they are able to revenge themselves: The lion hath his paw, the boar his tusk, the bee his sting; only man hath none of these weapons; he comes naked and unarmed into the world, as if God would have him a peaceful creature. Man hath his reason given him that he should live amiably and peaceably.

It is an honor to cease from strife; noble spirits are such lovers of peace, that they need not be bound to the peace; it is the bramble that rends and tears whatever is near it; the cedar and fig-tree, those more noble plants, grow pleasant and peaceably; peacefulness is the ensign and ornament of a noble mind.

God the Father is called the God of peace, Heb. xiii. 20. Mercy and peace are about his throne; he signs the articles of peace and sends the ambassadors of peace to publish them.

God the Son is called the Prince of Peace, Isai. ix. 6. His name is Emmanuel, God with us, a name of peace. He came into the world with a song of peace; the angels did sing it. "Peace on earth;" he went out of the world with a legacy of peace; "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

God the Holy Ghost is a spirit of peace, he is the Comforter; he seals up peace. This blessed dove brings the olive-branch of peace in his mouth. Now a peaceable disposition evidenceth something of God in a man, therefore God loves to dwell there. "In Salem is God's tabernacle:" God dwells in a peaceable spirit.

Christ not only prayed for peace, but bled for it. "Having made peace through the blood of his cross." He died not only to make peace between God and man, but between man and man. Christ suffered on the cross, that he might cement Christians together with his blood; as he prayed for peace, so he paid for peace; Christ was himself bound to bring us into the bond of peace.

Peaceableness among Christians is a powerful loadstone to draw the world to receive Christ; not only gifts, and miracles, and preaching may persuade men to embrace the truth of the gospel, but peace and unity among the professors of it. When as there is one God and one faith, so there is one heart among Christians; this is as cummin seed, which makes the doves flock to the windows. The temple was adorned with goodly stones. This makes Christ's spiritual temple look beautiful, and the stones of it appear goodly, when they are cemented together in peace and unity. P.

MR. HASTINGS.

A remarkable instance of Divine Providence in the family of Mr. Hastings.

This man was a reputable merchant in ——, a country town in England. He married young, and had a numerous family, over whom, as his temper was hasty and ungoverned, he exercised the parental authority with harshness and severity. His wife, who was a pattern of female mildness and gentleness, made it her study, by every softening and conciliatory art, to keep her husband in good humor with herself and children, but often failed in both.

Charles, their eldest son, had one of those dispositions, which, though easily managed by gentle methods, always revolted against the exertions of passionate and vigorous authority. It was therefore impossible that he should avoid frequent and angry disputes with his father, whose sternness and severity he returned with unyielding obstinacy. These unhappy contests acquired such additional force with increasing years, that when the youth had reached the age of fifteen, his father, in a fit of anger, turned him out of doors, with an injunction to depart and never see his face again.

The lad's spirit was too high to render a repetition of the command necessary. Unprovided as he was, he set out immediately on foot for London; where arriving, after much hardship and fatigue, he found an East-India captain with whom his father had some acquaintance, and obtained leave to accompany him in a voyage, which commenced in a few days.

Exasperated as Mr. Hastings was, he could not help regretting that his son had so well obeyed the command, which his passion had dictated; and the mother, for whom the youth had always testified the greatest affection, was long inconsolable. From all their inquiries, they were only able to learn that their son had gone to sea; but to what part, and in what situation, they could not discover.

To this cause of distress was soon added that of a decline in their circumstances, owing to repeated losses in trade. After the ineffectual struggle of a few years, they were obliged to retire to a small house in a neighboring village, where, almost consumed by grief, with health and spirits broken, they lived in indigence and obscurity. One advantage, however, accrued to Mr. Hastings from his misfortune. His temper was gradually softened; his passion subsided; and he attempted to alleviate by kindness, the sufferings of his partners in affliction, behaving with the greatest tenderness to his wife, of whose amiable qualities he became every day more sensible.

Charles, in the mean time, was passing through various scenes of fortune. His first setting out was unfavorable. The captain, to whom he had greatly recommended himself by his assiduities, died on the passage; and he was set ashore at Madras, without money, without a patron, or a friend. He was almost ready to perish from want, when an opulent merchant of the factory took compassion on him, and carried him to his house. After experiencing his diligence and fidelity for some time, in a very low employment, the gentleman advanced him to his counting house, and initiated him into the commercial business of the settlement.

During a short probation in this office, the youth exhibited such tokens of capacity, that he was thought a proper person to be sent a distance up the country, to a trading post of some consequence. He here managed some difficult and important concerns with so much address, and acted on some critical emergencies with such propriety and resolution, that he acquired the confidence of the whole factory. He was soon promoted to a lucrative and honorable station, and began to make a fortune with the rapidity peculiar to that country.

The impression of injury with which he had left his father's house, and the subsequent hardships he underwent, for sometime suppressed his filial affection. He thought of home as the scene of severe and unmerited chastisement. By degrees, however, as better prospects opened upon him, his feelings became changed. He melted at the recollection of the uniform kindness of his mother, and the playful endearments of his brothers and sisters. He even formed excuses for his father's severity, and condemned his own obstinacy, as, at least, equally blameable. He grew so uneasy under these impressions, that not all the flattering prospects before him could induce him to delay any longer an interview, which he so ardently desired. He collected all his property, and took passage for England, where he arrived, after an absence of nine years.

On landing, he met with a townsman, who informed him of the melancholy change in his father's situation. With a heart agitated by every tender emotion, he instantly set off for the place of their abode.—It was towards the approach of evening, when the unhappy couple, in melancholy despondence, sat by their gloomy fire. A letter, which Mr. Hastings had that day received from the landlord of his little habitation, to whom he was somewhat in arrears, threw more than usual dejection over the family. Holding the letter in his hand, "What shall we do?" said he—"he threatens to turn us out of doors—unfeeling man! But how can I expect more mercy from a stranger than I showed to my own son?" The reflection was too much for Mrs. Hastings to bear—she wrung her hands—sobbed and wept bitterly. Not a thought of her present condition dwelt on her mind—she felt only for her long lost son.—The eldest daughter, whose elegance of form was ill concealed by the meanness of her dress, while the sympathetic tears trickled down her cheeks, endeavored to console her. The father sighed from the bottom of his heart; and two youths, his eldest remaining sons, hung over the mournful scene with looks of settled melancholy.—Some of the younger children, as yet unconscious of sorrow, were seated round the door. They ran with the news that a chaise had stopped before the house, and a fine gentleman was getting out of it. He entered a moment after, when, on viewing the group before him, he had only strength enough to stagger to a chair and fainted. The family crowded around him, and the mother, looking eagerly in his face, cried, "My son! my son!" and sunk down beside him. The father stood awhile with his hands clasped in astonishment—then dropped on his knees and exclaimed, "Heaven, I thank thee!" He then flew to his son, clasped him in his arms, and recalled him to life. His recollections no sooner returned than he asked his father's forgiveness. "Forgive you, Charles!" said the father—"it is I who need forgiveness." The mother, in the mean time, lay almost senseless in the arms of her daughter. It was long before she had strength to endure the sight of her son, whom she had so long desired to see. The whole family were overjoyed, and the eldest sister, who easily recollected the beloved companion of her youth, exhibited marks of the liveliest sensibility.

After the first tender greetings and inquiries were over, Charles briefly related to his parents the various events that had befallen him—softening, however, the distressful parts, lest he should renew sensations already too painful. He concluded with acquainting them, that all he had acquired was theirs—that he gave up the whole to their disposal, and should only consider himself a sharer with the rest of the children. The father would not accept the offer in its full extent, but borrowing a considerable share of his son's property, he associated him with himself in a mercantile concern, by which he was enabled to regain his former opulence.

From the Baltimore Saturday Herald.

THE PENITENT.

The last evening of October found me sitting on the bedside of my unfortunate friend, my elbow resting on a small table, on which was placed a lamp, and on my hand rested my wearied head. His color was the livid hue of death; his eyes were closed in sleep; his face was emaciated, and his furrowed countenance bespoke the mental sufferings he had endured, and marked the deep inroads of despair on his youthful mind. The scene was one of the most awful that could be contemplated by man. [illegible] on this wreck of human nature I unconsciously said to myself, no more will those eyes sparkle with animation; no more will that color be changed, or that body invigorated by returning health!—he may awake from this senseless repose, only "to sleep the sleep of death;" his eyes may be unclosed for a moment to be closed for ever! At that instant his feeble hand pressed mine with all the ardor of youthful friendship, and after making several ineffectual attempts to speak, he spoke to the following effect: "What you, my friend, have so mournfully insinuated, these emblems with which this room abounds, and the frail body this earth supports, warns me by an invisible voice, to bid you a temporary farewell—to take a leave which extends beyond the narrow confines of the grave; and before I commence that journey from whence no traveller returns, point out to you the dangerous rock on which, like many others, I was wrecked, because I saw not the danger until my bright anticipations and future prospects were stranded for ever—You are aware the more early part of my life was trod in the path of moral rectitude with the most undeviating accuracy, from the examples shown and precepts taught by my lamented parents. When I lost them, I lost my all—the good example was reversed, and my thoughts were only bent on satiating my guilty passions. I pursued pleasure in every form, watched her at every turn, and lost her on the verge of that precipice, from which to recede was impossible, to pursue, inevitable destruction; and as she vanished from my view I beheld her only as a "phantom, vain, illusive and destructive." I will not enter into a detail of my midnight revelries, or my unblushed outrages on moral and refined society---or why I broke that friendship which existed between us---but am grateful for your again renewing it in the hour of death, and smoothing my passage to eternity, when I was deserted by my associates in guilt; and it is those friends I wish to caution against, with all the fervor of a dying man, who wear a mask of deceit which no artifice can penetrate; and the moment you have made one false step, it plunges you into an interminable abyss from which you never can reascend. To prove this you have only to turn your sympathetic eye on my youthful form, and behold the destructive ravages of DISSIPATION. I am well aware I will sink into an untimely grave, stigmatized, and unpitied. What the world may [illegible] regard not; long have my thoughts been wande[illegible] higher tribunal, and I feel a calm that tells [illegible] petition has been heard by him whose mercy is unbounded, and who invites the weary sinner to drink of the fountain of eternal life." He was unable to proceed from his agitated emotions, but his lips moved, his thoughts were no longer in this transitory world—I started from the grasp of his icy hand--his voice was hushed even to the stillness of death, for his soul had taken flight (as I hope) to the eternal mansions oft he righteous.

P. H.

From "Francis Berrian or the Mexican Patriot," a work lately published in Boston. The author is Rev. T. Flint, author of "Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi."

REGION OF FEVER AND AGUE AND ALLIGATORS.

Red River discharges its waters into the Mississippi by a broad and creeping stream, through a vast and profound swamp. It seems a deep canal, its dark surface ruffled only by the darting of huge and strange fishes through its sluggish waters; the foaming path of the monstrous alligator, the shark of rivers, a thousand little silver fishes leaping from the water, and sparkling like diamonds; numberless alligators traversing the waters in every direction, and seeming to be logs possessing the power of self-direction, or occasionally these logs sinking one end in the water, and raising the other in the air, and making a deep and frightful bellow between the hiss of a serpent and the roaring of a bull; the lazy and droning flight of monstrous birds, slowly flapping their wings and carelessly sailing along just over the surface of these dark and mephitic waters, with savage and outlandish scream, apparently all neck, legs and feathers; a soil above the bank greasy and slippery, with a deposit of slime; trees marked fourteen feet high by an overflow of half the year; gullies seventy feet deep and large enough to be outlets of rivers, covered at the bottom with putrifying logs, and connecting the river with broad and sluggish lakes, too thickly covered with a coat of green buff to be ruffled by the winds which can scarcely find their way through the dense forest; moccasin snakes, writhing their huge and scaly backs at the bottom of these dark gullies—such was the scenery that met my eye as I advanced through the first thirty miles of my entrance into that region, which had been so embellished by my fancy. I looked around me, and the trees as far as I could see, were festooned with the black and funeral drapery of long moss. My eyes, my ears, and my nostrils joined to admonish me that here fever had erected his throne. I went on board my boat at the approach of night, and when to get rid of my thoughts, I laid me down in my narrow and sweltering birth, millions of musquetoes raised their dismal hum, and settled on my face. Drive away the first thousand sated with blood, and another thousand succeeds, and "in that war there is no discharge." A hundred owls perched in the deep swamp, in all the tones of screaming, hooting, grunting, and in every note, from the wail of an infant to the growl of a bear, sing your requiem.

You rise from sleep attained under such auspices, and crawl up the greasy banks to the cabin of the wood cutters. You see here inhabitants of an appearance and countenance in full keeping with the surrounding scenery. There is scarcely one of them but what has a monstrous protuberance in the stomach, sufficiently obvious to the eye, vulgarly called an "ague cake," a yellowish white complexion, finely described in the language of the country, "tallow face." There is an indescribable transparency of the skin, which seems to indicate water between the cuticle and the flesh. Eyes, preternaturally rolling and brilliant, glare in the centre of a large morbid circle, in which the hues of red, black and yellow are mixed. The small children bear all these dismal markings of the climate in miniature. Dirty and ragged, as mischievous as they are deformed, they roll about upon the slippery clay with an agility and alertness, from their appearance altogether incredible; for you would suppose them too feeble and clumsy to move. There is something unique and cadaverous in the persons of both old and young. You would suppose that the grave was dug for them. But the more slender and uncertain their hold of life, the more gayly they seem to enjoy it. They laugh, and shout, and drink and blaspheme, and utter their tale of obscenity, or it may be, of murder with a bachanalian joyousness. Shut your eyes and you would suppose yourself in the midst of the merriest group in the world. Open them, and look upon the laughers, and see the strange fire of their eye, and you would almost believe the chilling stories of the Vampyres.

The first evening of my arrival in these waters found us at the point where the Black, Red and Tensas rivers mingle their waters in an immense swamp, cheered by the note of no bird of song, unenlivened by the flocks of heathful and edible fowls, as the geese, ducks, and swans, and only vocal with the shrill notes of the jay, the cawing of crows, and the wheeling flight of numberless carrion vultures, that prey on the dead fish that float to the shores. On the verge of the bank above where we lay, and with a little opening in the dead forest, was a family such as I have described. An inhabitant of such a cabin who lasts two years, may be thought fortunate and long lived. They gave me thrilling anecdotes, if such they may be called, of the tenants of two fresh graves, that I noticed in the little melon garden by the cabin. They were of that class of outlawed and homeless strangers, of which there are thousands up and down the Mississippi.—The owner of the cabin was a wood cutter for the steamboats, and had employed those men to aid him. They had cut wood, drunk whiskey, gambled, and gouged; and the woman told us, that they had been "charming funny men." But I use her words, they took the ague, had the fever and ague cake, and grew sullen, and would not eat, and did not care for their whiskey. We sent for an old French hunter, to bring them some good herbs, but before he came they would not live any longer, and so they died.

The wife and mother in this family, had once, I dare say, been pretty. She had had the ague four years in succession, and now had the swelling, the filthiness, the brilliant eye, the flippant tongue, and ran on from story to story with more than the garrulity of an old French woman. On an emergency, I presume she could have handled the dirk with dexterity. She informed me, that for a month in the preceding spring they had been overflowed, and she was in the midst of a flooded swamp, thirty miles in diameter. They built a house on a floating raft of logs fastened together, and secured from floating away with grape vines. On this raft was stationed the family, oxen, pigs, dogs, chickens and all. They had a barrel of whiskey to keep up their spirits. Each of these logs was covered with red slime, and as slippery as if greased. And she told us that the logs often brought up the big stomachs of her clumsy children, and it was hard to keep their shirts clean, as they were the only article of dress they wore. She took me for a cotton planter and said—"Now you planters have but one house, and we wood cutters have two. We have our floating house on the raft, and when the river falls and that grounds we build us another on the bank. Look you there, only three paces from my door, used to lie of a sunny morning a couple of thundering alligators, and my Franky there, pointing to a boy, who seemed about four years old, who had the customary prominence in front, and was otherwise as mischievous and as ugly an urchin as you would wish to see, that there boy with half a shirt, would needs be playing some of his "rusty shines," the funny dog, and so he crawled out and gave one of them a rap on the snout with the broomstick. The monstrous devil curled his tail, and gave Franky a slap, which tossed him in the air like a bat ball; and the beast would have had the eating of Franky, in a thrice. But I heard Franky scream, as the alligator struck him. I seized a kettle of boiling hot water, and threw it on the horrid creature, just as he showed his white teeth to eat Franky, and this drove my gentleman into the water."

The well remembered song of my infancy rang in my ears.

"No more shall the horn call me out in the morn;" and a chill as of death, came over me, when I thought that this was the reality of that picture, which to my imagination had been so delightful. I felt too the truth and application of the right New England proverb, "that one half the world does not know how the other half lives." The comforting prediction of my friends rung in my ears. "In that savage country you will lay your bones." Certainly, thought I, the assignment of your bounds must be the sport of a blind destiny. There are hills and dales, and mountain streams, and healthful breezes, and cheerful scenery, and millions of unoccupied acres of fertile country, where the means of subsistence even are at least as easy as here. How could voluntary agents, with the power of locomotion, ever have fixed themselves, from choice, in these dire abodes? And yet there are always people enough found ready to occupy the positions. The philosophy of a boat man is quick and near the surface. The boat men accounted for their choice of such places by saying that it required every sort of people to make a world.

THE GRAVE OF JEFFERSON.

A writer in Poulson's Philadelphia American Daily Advertiser, thus describes the burial place of Mr. Jefferson:

"I ascended the winding road, which leads from Charlottesville to Monticello. The path leads a circuitous ascent of about two miles up the miniature mountain, to the farm and the grave of Jefferson. On entering the gate which opens into the enclosure, numerous paths diverge in various directions, winding through beautiful groves to the summit of the hill. From the peak on which the house stands, a grand and nearly unlimited view opens to the thickly wooded hills and fertile vallies, which stretch out on either side. The University, with its dome, porticoes, and colonnade, looks like a fair city in the plain; Charlottesville seems to be directly beneath. No spot can be imagined as combining greater advantages of grandeur, healthfulness, and seclusion. The house is noble in its appearance; two large columns support a portico, which extends from the wings, and into it the front door opens. The apartments are neatly furnished and embellished with statues, busts, portraits and natural curiosities. The grounds and out houses have been neglected.—Mr. Jefferson's attention being absorbed from such personal concerns by the cares attendant on the superintendence of the University which, when in health, he visited daily since its erection commenced.

"At a short distance behind the mansion, in a quiet, shaded spot, the visiter sees a square enclosure, surrounded by a low unmortared stone wall, which he enters by a neat wooden gate.—This is the family burial ground, containing ten or fifteen graves, none of them marked by epitaphs and only a few distinguished by any memorial. On one side of this simple cemetery, is the resting place of the patriot and philosopher. When I saw it, the vault was just arched, and in readiness for the plain stone which is to cover it. May it ever continue, like Washington's, without any adventitious attractions or conspicuousness; for, when we or our posterity, need any other memento of our debt of honor to those names, than their simple inscriptions on paper, wood or stone, gorgeous tombs would be a mockery to their memories. When gratitude shall cease to consecrate their remembrance in the hearts of our citizens, no cenotaph will inspire the reverence we owe to them."

Lafayette, and the American Colonization Society.—In a letter to G. W. P. Custis, Esq. of Washington city, dated La Grange, 7th October, 1826, Lafayette thus cordially commends the object and management of the American Colonization Society:

"I thank you for the pleasant information you give me respecting our Liberia Settlement. It is founded on the most philanthropic and disinterested principles, nobly conducted, and congenial, I know it is, to the feelings of the universality of the people throughout the United States. The greatest difficulty is to find sufficient means of transportation over the Atlantic. It is also very desirable that the Africans might be instructed with the means to become useful to themselves and to the community by the time they arrive there. What have you done with your plan of one day redeeming self-labor in the week, of which you spoke to me before we parted?

HOW PEOPLE SHOULD HEAR THE GOSPEL.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

7. Do not suppose that you know even all the outlines of the plan of salvation: there is a height, length, breadth, and depth in the things of God, of which you have as yet but a very inadequate conception. Every sermon will be a means of discovering more and more of the wonders of God's grace to you, if you hear it in a proper spirit.

8. Do not think this or the other preacher cannot instruct *you.* He may be, comparatively speaking, a *weak* preacher: but the meanest servant of God's sending will at all times be directed to bring something to the wisest and holiest Christians which they have not fully known or enjoyed before. You do not depend upon the man's abilities: if he be a preacher of God's making, he is God's mouth; and by him the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of unerring counsel, of infinite wisdom, and eternal love, will speak to you.

9. Never absent yourself from the house of God when you can possibly attend. Remember, it is God that invites you, not to hear this or the other man, but to hear Himself through his messenger, that you may be saved. Therefore, go to hear God speak; and let who will be the preacher, you shall never be disappointed.

10. Consider how great the blessing is which you enjoy. What would a damned soul give for the privilege of sitting five minutes in your place, to hear *Jesus* preached, with the same possibility of being saved?

11. Do not divide the word with your neighbor, hear for yourself; share your clothes, money, bread, &c. with him, but do not divide the word preached; it belongs to you;--it belongs to him;—every man may have his part by himself, but no man can hear for another. It is your enemy that says to you, "that suits such and such persons." It suits *you* perhaps more than them: if they are present let them take it to themselves; you are not your brother's keeper; if they are not present, you have no business with them.

12. Consider, this may be the last sermon you shall ever be permitted to hear! therefore, hear it as if it were your last; and you will hear it then to your unspeakable profit.—O hear for eternity at all times: remember the eye of God is upon you.

13. Consider, your being *blest* does not consist in your remembering head, divisions, &c. but in feeling the Divine influence, having your eyes enlightened to see more and more of the worth of Christ; in having your heart invigorated with Divine strength, and your soul more determined to follow on to know the Lord.

14. Do not despise or reject the ministry, because it is not so excellent in every respect as you could wish. Be thankful that God gave it to you such as it is; and remember, if he gave blessings according to your deserts, and according to your improvement, they would be such as would scarcely deserve to be sought for, or retained when found.

15. If you believe the preacher to be a holy man of God, do not find fault with him: you may depend he puts his soul at stake; and while he is in that awful place, the pulpit, strives with all the sincerity of his heart to do that solemn work in the very best way he can, and to the utmost of his power.

16. After sermon is over, get as speedily home as you can, and spend a few moments on your knees in private, earnestly beseeching God to write indelibly on your heart what you have been hearing.

17. Meditate on what you have heard: at first Divine ideas may be but slightly impressed—a little meditation afterwards, serves to deepen this impression; therefore, do not immediately begin to talk with any of your friends and acquaintance; the mind that was before called in itself to meditate on what was heard, becomes hereby distracted; and the fowls of the air pick up the good seed.

18. As your preachers have many trials peculiar to their work which you cannot know, and probably could not bear were they laid upon you; take heed how you increase their load. Satan will harass them sufficiently: O let not God's people join issue with the great adversary, to distress the hearts of their teachers.

19. They have left their *all* for your sakes, and for the sake of the gospel: and if this all were only the anvil, the plough, the fishing boat, the tar bucket and marlinespike, or the carpenter's bench, it was their *all*, and the all they got their bread comfortably by; and he who has nothing but a net, and leaves that for the sake of doing good to the souls of men, leaves his *all*: and remember that, in becoming the servant of all for Christ's sake, he often exposes himself to the want of even a morsel of bread. Let the proud and the profane exult and say, "Such preachers cannot be much injured by their sacrifices of secular property; though they have left their all, that all was of little worth." Stop, friend, and take this maxim with you, that it may moderate your glorying: that man forsakes *much* who reserves *nothing* to himself; and who renounces all expectations from this world, taking what you would not trust to, God alone, for his portion. It is readily granted that the preacher is a poor man, and you are rich. But did he not enter into the world with as good prospects as you had? and has not God furnished him with as much common sense, sound judgment, and other necessary accomplishments for business, as you have ever possessed? Had these been employed in trade, is there not a million to one he had been as rich as you are? And had God honored *you* with his vocation, and you had been as faithful and upright in it as he has been, would not you have been the poor man which to-day you despise? Think of this, and be humble.

20. Pray for your preachers, that God may fill them with the unction of his Spirit, and make them messengers of peace to you. While Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses, the Israelites prevailed over their enemies.

21. Before I conclude, shall I be permitted to add one thing more? Perhaps it may come better from one who has served so long, and who has never been chargeable or burdensome to that good cause for which he has labored; and who has reason to believe, from his increasing infirmities, that he shall not long be permitted to be either a blessing or a burden to mankind. Then, I say, make your preachers *comfortable.* Men who have taken the other world for their inheritance, will expect no more than the necessaries of life in this. Let the stewards of every society examine the provision which is made for their preachers and families: and by comparing the requisite expenditure of the family in question with that of their *own*, allowing for the descending or ascending proportions, let them determine on such a provision as their prudence and piety may dictate.

There are very few preachers who will complain, let them suffer what they may: the societies commit the business into the hands of the stewards; they should not wait for complaint or information from the preacher, but investigate every circumstance themselves.—To such, I say, and to all who are concerned with them, never suffer, through your neglect, worldly cares to intrude themselves into the closets and hearts of the men who are laboring for your salvation. How can he preach comfort who is not comforted? and how can he be comforted, who has pressing wants in his family, which he has no power to relieve? Give his children bread, and the man of God will cheerfully lay down his life in his work: but he has neither wife nor children. Then take the care of him who denies himself these *comforts*, that he may be less burdensome to you; and when he is gone to his God and your God, you will be enabled, without compunction of heart, to say, He who preached unto us Jesus,—by whose ministry we were blessed, and to whose necessities we have had the privilege of contributing, is gone!—gone to dwell with God; and we shall soon rejoin him where the whole heavenly family shall know each other in the light of their God."

DR. CLARKE.

MISSIONARY.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for Nov.

WEST INDIA MISSIONS.

Extract from the Journal of Mr. Isaac Whitehouse, dated, Grateful-hill, Jamaica, April 20th.

This morning I accompanied Mr. D. to a part of his estate where were a number of slaves employed in building a wall fence. They appeared to be very cheerful; among them was a female whom I heard singing a hymn. I said unto her, "Are you happy?" She replied, "Yes, me Massa, me happy, bless de Lord." I then said, "What makes you happy?" She replied, "Jesa Christ mak me happy, Massa. Him so good to me. Him die for me. Me try to love him and serve him, Him so good to me, Massa."

May 4.—This morning we held our Missionary Prayer-meeting, at 6 o'clock, after which I accompanied Mr. Ratcliffe to the prison, where was a young man, a negro, under sentence of death for murder. He appeared to be exceedingly "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." We conversed with him alternately, for nearly an hour, and afterwards prayed with him. During prayer he "wept bitterly," and also as he returned to his cell. It was said that this was the first time he had shown any mark of contrition. Who knows but God will have mercy upon him.

Sunday, 30th.—This morning I preached from Heb. ii. 3, to a good congregation, although the weather was very forbidding. The people were much wetted in coming to the Chapel; but they are not to be kept from the house of God by a shower of rain. This afternoon I preached from 1 Cor. viii. 6. The weather still continued rainy; but we had a full chapel.

June 3d.—To-day I rode to Bluehole estate, where I catechised the negro children; after which I preached to the adults from John iii. 16. After service I spoke to an afflicted negro woman, respecting the things of God. She said, "Massa, me feel quite comfortable. De Lord very good to me. Me bin much afflicted, but de Lord bin very kind to me, Massa. Me did hear one preach, and den anoder, but me no turn; den me hear you, Massa, de first time you read at de Bay, and den me turn. Now me happy, Massa: me no trouble wedder me sick or well, wedder me live or dead."—On my way from this place to the Bay, I passed an aged negro who was employed as a watchman. As he leaned upon his staff, "bending beneath the weight of years," I said to him, "Do you know that you have got a soul?" He replied, "Me no understand, Massa." I then said, "Did you ever hear about Jesus Christ dying for poor sinners, such as you are?" He replied, "Me no know, Massa." I added, "Did you ever pray to the great God above?" He answered, "No, Massa," and then pointing to his breast, said, "Me hab good heart, Massa." I afterwards endeavored to convince him that he was a great sinner, and to impress upon his mind the necessity of repentance towards God, and exhorted him to retire to his hut, which was very near, and to ask of God forgiveness for all he had done amiss: assuring him, at the same time, that the "Great God" who dwelt in the heavens above, would listen to the humble prayer of a poor Negro. He promised to attend to what I had said to him.

30th.—This morning, feeling considerable indisposition, I rode to Mr. Light's, (the Moravian Missionary,) about three miles from the Bay, where I spent the day with much satisfaction to myself. Mr. and Mrs. L. showed me every attention. In the evening they held divine service. Many attended, some of whom came several miles.

July 12th.—Yesterday was the Sabbath, and I felt truly thankful to God, that, after being confined to my room for ten days, I was again enabled to resume my labors. I was informed in the morning that there was an aged woman to be baptized, who had passed through previous examinations. At the close of the morning-service I baptized the woman in the presence of a numerous audience. She is about seventy years of age. Her simplicity and apparent sincerity gave me great pleasure. To-day I have given tickets to two Classes, and was much pleased with their artless simplicity. I afterwards gave an exhortation, in which I was led to speak of the brevity of human life, and of the necessity of improving every moment of time. They were much affected, and so was I. Lord make me ready for the change that awaits me.

19th.—Yesterday was the Sabbath, thank the Lord, I was enabled to preach twice, after attending the Prayer-meeting at six, A. M. I spoke in the morning from Rom. viii. 31, and in the evening delivered a funeral discourse, at the urgent request of the surviving relatives of one of our Members, who had been murdered by some pirates, from 1 Cor. xv. 26. Many attended, and such was their attention to the word spoken, that I am induced to think they must have "profited by the things which they heard."

Aug. 5th.—In riding over the mountains this evening, I met an old man; he appeared to be about sixty; as I passed him he made a bow; I inquired to whom he belonged? he replied, to Mr. ———. I then said, "Do you know who made you?" He answered, "No, Massa." I continued, "Do you know who made the world, and the sun that shines over your head?" He said, "Nobody tell me, Massa." I proceeded, "Do you know that you have a soul?" He seemed a little confused and irritated at my repeated inquiries, and said, in haste, "Me can't tell, Massa." I then informed him of the Great Being who made him,—of God's displeasure against sinners,—of the value of his precious soul,—of the great love of Jesus Christ, who died for a "guilty world,"—and of the necessity of praying to God for mercy. He listened with great attention, and went away, apparently much surprised at the things he had heard. I proceeded on my journey, thankful to God that I had had such an opportunity of recommending his service to an individual, who, though different from myself in color, was possessed of an immortal part, which was of equal value with my own, in the estimation of Him with whom "there is no respect of persons." When I had gone about half a mile further, (whilst meditating on the unenlightened condition of so many thousands of my fellow-creatures,) I met with another aged Negro, who was very decrepid, and much further advanced in years than the former. As I passed him he put his hand to his hat. I asked him to whom he belonged? He answered, "To Mr. ———;" the same as the former. I said, "You are getting very old and lame now;" he replied, "Yes, me Massa, me old him feel much pain, Massa." I proceeded, "Did you ever hear about heaven?" He said, "No, me Masse." I then described it to him as a place of rest from labor, and of ease from pain. He seemed quite elated at the description. I continued, "Do you know what sort of a place hell is?" he answered, "No, me Massa." I described it as a place of great pain and misery; and added, "all wicked people go there when they die." He looked astonished, like one just awakened out of a deep sleep. Soon after, he said, "Yes, me Massa, old Debb'l dare, and 'nough somebody go dare, Massa?" I then proceeded to inquire, "If he had ever heard about Jesus Christ's dying for poor sinners?" he replied, "No, me Massa, me nebur hear." So I preached unto him Jesus. After I had talked to him awhile, respecting the love of Christ, he held his hat in his hands, and looking up towards heaven in the most solemn manner, (with his eyes swimming in tears,) he exclaimed, "God bless Massa, for tell me all dis good tings. God bless Massa."

Sept. 20.—Yesterday was the Sabbath; I preached in the morning from Matt. vi. 33, and in the evening from 2 Cor. v. 1. The congregations were numerous and attentive, and the heat was exceedingly oppressive. At night the thunder and lightning were tremendous, but much more so this morning. Some of the old inhabitants say, that they never knew so awful a storm. May they hear God speaking to them in these things!

22d.—After service I visited a sick man, whose mind, a few weeks ago, was as dark as it could be; but he has been in the school of Christ, and has learned the most important lessons; viz. "that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." That there is now, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus; and that, for the believer, "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." I was much delighted to hear him talk of God, and of his dealings towards him.

Nov. 8th.—Yesterday (Sunday) was a high day; we held our Prayer-meeting at six, A. M. At nine I opened the school; at half past ten, read prayers, and preached from John iii. 1—14. I enlarged particularly on the "new birth," and the "lifting up of the serpent." The souls of the people appeared to be in their eyes and ears. At the close of the service, I married three couples, in the presence of a numerous audience, and their behaviour on this occasion would have done credit to any of our English members. I afterwards held a Love-feast for the Society, which was very profitable. In the evening I preached from 1 Tim. i. 1, from which passage I was led to attempt a description of the several parts of Scriptural Christianity, as they are laid down by the Apostle. God was eminently present, especially while I was speaking of the nature, and effects of faith. As I left the pulpit, a very respectable young man came to me, and requested that I would receive him into the Society. I engaged to receive him on trial. Who knows what the Lord will yet do in this place?

29th.—Yesterday, being Sunday, I preached in the morning from John ix. 27, and in the evening from Matt. xvi. 26. Our congregations were numerous, respectable and attentive; I endeavored to speak as a dying man to dying men. O Lord, my work is with thee, and my judgment also.

Dec. 2d.—To-day I met the Teachers of the Sunday School, to read some rules which I had written, by which the School will always be supplied with teachers in regular order; and I pray God that the institution may prosper.

6th.—Yesterday, Sunday, I preached in the morning from Luke xxii. 19: after which I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a goodly company. May they ever feed on Christ by faith. In the evening I preached from James iv. 4; the people were all attention.

JAMAICA.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Burchell, English Baptist Missionary, at Montego Bay, Island of Jamaica:—

"My feelings, sir, arise from what my eyes have seen, and my ears have heard. I have known the fatigue—I have seen the tears—I have heard the cries—I have witnessed the thronging of the poor negroes to the house of God, and I cannot but feel my soul interested on their behalf. Whilst I have life in my body, and strength in my limbs—whilst I have a voice to be heard, and a tongue to speak—I will raise my voice in their behalf, and my cry shall be, 'Men of Israel, help.' Nor can my cry be in vain. The Being who has opened this door of usefulness, who has excited this interesting disposition in the poor negroes, will never forsake the people who step forward 'to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' Nor can I, nor dare I, disbelieve for a moment, that God will excite a disposition in his people to raise the means to supply the wants of these destitute negroes."

PERSECUTION IN PALESTINE.

BEYROOT.—"A letter recently from Beyroot, which we have been permitted to peruse, contains some interesting particulars respecting Asaad, the Arabic teacher, who is now suffering imprisonment, in consequence of embracing Christianity.

He was induced to leave the Missionaries by *false* assurances of safety received from the Maronite Patriarch and other great men. He hoped that by complying with the urgent and repeated solicitations of his friends to visit them, he might be the means of doing good to their souls. But no sooner was he in their power, than his inhuman brothers delivered him up to men, sent by the treacherous patriarch to take him. He was carried to Canobeen, the residence of the patriarch, where he has been kept in close confinement some months. 'Much of the time he has been beaten, spit upon, and subjected to every species of cruelty so well known and so often practised in the Popish church.'—But he still stands fast in the faith. Neither bands, nor stripes, nor imprisonment, nor threats, nor promises, have been sufficient to induce him to return to the bosom of that corrupt church, whose abominations he had renounced.

He is allowed neither books, pens, ink or paper. The missionaries could send him no words of consolation; their messengers are ill treated, and their letters taken, and destroyed. They have little hope that he will ever regain his liberty; and that is drawn wholly from the promises of God, to whom they daily go in behalf of their afflicted brother."

AN AMERICAN LADY. The following article from the Calcutta Government Gazette, gives some interesting particulars respecting the very praise worthy and useful services of Mrs. Judson;—

"In printing my last communication there was a trifling mistake made; it should have been Mrs. not Mr. J. as that lady was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the Government, which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any who knew the hauteur, and inflexible pride of the Burman Court; and while, on this subject, the overflowings of grateful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane female, who, though living at the distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed, in every way, to alleviate the burden of our misery. While we were all left, by the Government, destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, obtained for us, by some means or other, a constant supply. When the tattered state of our clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe. When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the Government, until she was authorized to communicate to us the grateful news of enlargement, or a respite from our galling oppressions.—Besides all this, it was unquestionably owing in a chief degree, to the repeated eloquence, and forcible appeals of Mrs. Judson, that the untutored Burman was finally made willing to secure the welfare and happiness of his country, by a sincere peace."

REVIVALS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

TOLLAND, CON.

MR. EDITOR,—By your permission, I would take the liberty to inform the friends, and the lovers of Zion's cause, through the medium of your paper, of some of God's marvellous dealings towards us; and O, while I write, may a heavenly zeal inflame my bosom as I trace the wonders of redeeming grace and dying love to a lost and perishing world.

We have good times in this part of the vineyard, as you have already heard by brother Otis, and I can say the work is still progressing. The number who have already shared in the glorious work exceeds 120, within the limits of our labor; and there is also a gracious work at Wapping, two or three miles from this. I also understand a powerful revival has recently commenced in Vernon, about four miles from us. Thus God is revealing himself in power and mercy here as well as in many other parts of his vineyard. Our meetings are very interesting, solemn, and joyful; some of them very powerful. The subjects of the work are, with a few of the heads of families, principally from among youth and children. To hear those, who have just broken from the strong hold of Satan, and struggled into the light and liberty of the children of God, lisping forth Emmanuel's praise; proclaiming the wonders of that grace which procured their pardon; inviting their young companions and associates to come and taste and see how good the Lord is. To see these converts embracing each other, mingling their tears of joy and grief; one crying for mercy, and the other, pointing to Calvary, saying, "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away sins;" hear him groaning; see him dying; cast thyself upon him, and, by a single act of living faith, claim him as your advocate, and you shall be saved, is, no doubt, a sight which fills the heavenly courts with praise—makes devils tremble, saints rejoice, sinners mad, pharisees find fault, and nominal, worldly minded, lukewarm and proud professors to cry out, wildfire and delusion; but if that which causes the swearing man to call upon God for mercy; the tipler to forsake his ruinous and degrading practice which sinks him beneath the beast; bows the stubborn heart to Emmanuel's sceptre; stains the pride of man; humbles the haughty mind; subdues and takes away the unholy tempers and dispositions from the breast; turns hatred into love; animosities, contentions, jars, war and discord, into peace and harmony; fits men for the noble and pleasing worship of God here; causes them to be so happy on earth; fits them for, and finally brings them to the haven of eternal repose and crowns them kings and priests for ever at Jehovah's right hand, to gaze upon his glory and hymn his praise eternally; if this be wildfire and delusion, I would hold up both hands that every soul might share in it, and the whole world be filled with the heaven born principle.

We rejoice at what God is doing, not only among us, but what he is doing in other places. Your swift winged messenger salutes our ears weekly with the soul reviving and heart cheering intelligence of Emmanuel's glorious and triumphant march into the adversary's territories; laying waste his kingdom; spreading devastation and death through his ranks; bringing home sinners to the fold of our God as trophies of his grace. O, that it may be the cry of every heart, ride on, King Jesus, from conquering to conquer, and cause the nations of the earth to bow, and thy name to be excellent in all the earth. Even so let it be. Amen.

Yours in the bonds of Christian fellowship and love.

DANIEL L. FLETCHER.

Tolland, Dec. 16, 1826.

RICHMOND, VA.

In addition to the encouraging reports which we have recently published of the revival in Richmond, we are happy to extract the following from a letter to the Publisher of Zion's Herald, dated Portsmouth, Va. Dec. 21, 1826.

In Richmond, there is the greatest revival of religion ever before witnessed in that place; upwards of four hundred persons have professed conversion within a few months: the work of grace appears to be deep and genuine, and, praises be to the name of the Lord, that it is still progressing. Every week, yea, at almost every meeting, there are additional converts. I was informed, by brother Carson, the Methodist stationed minister in the city, that about one hundred and sixty members had been added to the Methodist Church since the commencement of the revival, and also that the Presbyterian and Baptist churches had been sharers in the revival.

May the work continue to prosper gloriously until every family in the city shall be made to participate in these gracious outpourings of the Lord's Spirit.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel,

O. BERNARD.

We learn from a correspondent in East Feliciana, Louisiana, that very powerful appearances of a revival are seen in that interesting region.

From the Rev. ISAAC JENNISON we are happy to learn that a glorious work of grace is progressing in Ludlow, Mass. Fifty-five or sixty have recently found peace in believing, and the prospects are still very animating.

ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1827.

TO THE PATRONS OF ZION'S HERALD.

At the commencement of the fifth volume of Zion's Herald, the publisher and editor beg leave to express their gratitude to all those who have encouraged and assisted them in their arduous labors. It is a source of the deepest emotions of thankfulness to God that he has extended his support and given so much efficacy to these exertions.—His arm alone hath power to sustain the weakness of humanity while engaged in his service, and his blessing alone can crown with success the most ardent and unwearied efforts in the cause of piety and benevolence. The responsibility of those who conduct a religious paper of the character which this has sustained, and still ought to sustain, is truly great. The reflection cannot be repressed, while managing the weighty concerns of this establishment, that not only the temporal interest of the church is affected by the management of Zion's Herald, but a far weightier interest is involved, and the precious welfare of immortal souls is connected with the faithful exhibition of truth, in its native purity, and with the simplicity of the gospel, in our columns. A paper that traverses the union, and approaches so many minds, should bear along with it good will to all mankind; its influence on the rising generation should be as salutary as the night dews to vegetation; it should be the messenger of joy to every purified heart; it should speak peace to the mourner; and, when occasion requires, it should be the fearless messenger of God to warn of death, judgment and eternity.

The great difficulty of satisfying every intellect, and of awakening an interest in the bosom of every reader, is inseparable from the nature of the case; yet we humbly hope the variety in our columns may meet the variety of taste; and that those, for whom piety, science, literature, or the record of passing events have any charm, may never turn away unsatisfied from the Herald to find more congenial sentiments from other sources.

The publisher and editor beg permission to express their grateful sense of the manner in which their united labors have been received by a generous Christian public. Every expression of satisfaction is regarded as a call for higher exertion and a more fervent dedication of every power to the sacred cause. We have the pleasure of announcing that, notwithstanding the establishment of the Christian Advocate at New York and its great patronage at the south and west, we have found it necessary to commence this volume with as large a number of papers as was printed at the commencement of the last year. We do not mention this circumstance that any agent or friend to Zion's Herald may relax his exertions in its favor, but rather to encourage those through whose labors and prayers it has risen to its present standing. While we would not discourage any one in the south and west who should wish to patronize the Herald, our chief dependence for support is in New England—a land productive of sterling virtues, and rich in the abounding feelings of religious enterprise and ardent benevolence. While we feel most sensibly the weight of obligation for present patronage in the New England states, we cannot but think that the circulation of the Herald may be more extended—that it may be a messenger of peace to many families who have never yet hailed its coming.

The agents and correspondents of Zion's Herald are respectfully informed that no alteration has taken place in the price or terms of Zion's Herald, or the mode of correspondence; all letters on business or for insertion are to be directed to the publisher.

In closing these remarks, permit us to thank those who have enriched the Herald with the effusions of genius and piety during the past year. The very efficient and prompt assistance which we have received has excited animating hopes for the future; and we anticipate that many will be emulous of addressing themselves, on a rich variety of subjects, to a Christian public, who know how to appreciate such generous efforts to communicate good. We must indulge hopes that, so great will be the outpourings of the Spirit of God during the coming year, our department devoted to the accounts of revivals will attract an intense interest. The past has been a year of great mercies; yet "the signs of the times" indicate that the past is to be lost in the superior blessedness of coming years. Nature, in its wide compass, has not a similitude to illustrate the rapidity and extent of the deep moral revolution that is about to reverse the condition and prospects of men. Happy are those who are permitted even to see the beginnings of such an auspicious era; but happier will be those who shall see the last dark cloud depart from the unbroken skies, and hear the last sound of opposition to truth lost in the loud voice of praise from every nation on the earth.

In Zion's Herald of the 6th ult. we published a letter from Dr. ROBERTS of Baltimore, accompanied with a remark expressive of the feelings of the New England Conference relative to the division of the profits of this paper among the conferences that should patronize it. This remark was made with perfect good feelings towards the "Christian Advocate;" nor do we see how the editor of that paper could feel himself injured by it. The sentiments of the remark, had long since been published in the Herald. It implicated no body, and was not calculated to injure the growing interests of the Advocate, unless the truth spoken in favor of the Herald and its friends be considered an injury to that paper. We are unwilling to believe that the Agents of the general Book Concern, of whose liberality we have ever entertained the highest opinion, could stoop to entertain this pitiful jealousy of Zion's Herald. We are therefore inclined to view the remarks in the Advocate as the production of the editor of that paper; who, not being a member of the Conference, could not know all the proceedings relative to the Herald.

He says, "The proposition made to the 'Book Agents,' in 1825, to transfer the Herald to the general Book Concern, was on condition that its publication should be continued in *Boston;* and also on condition of their paying for it a full price. These were conditions, taken together, on which the Agents declined to negotiate." To this we would reply we know of no such proposition made to the "Book Agents in 1825," unless a *motion*, to transfer the Herald at a fair valuation, and which was rejected by the conference, be considered as a "proposition." But we do remember, and the whole Conference may recollect, that the Agent stated, that he was not authorized to make any propositions, nor to accept of any which did not provide for the removal of the Herald to New York. And *he* may recollect that it was affirmed in the Conference, and not denied by any one, that the pecuniary profits of the paper was not an object with them in wishing to retain it where it was at first established—that one of the publishing committee moved, and another seconded the motion, to throw the profits of the paper into the funds of the general Conference;—and that it was the humor which *he* employed, and his recipe for dressing the sturgeon, the first article of which was to *catch* it, that defeated the motion. But though the motion was defeated under the impression that it would be soon enough to dispose of the profits, when profits should be realized, yet the feelings of the Conference on this subject were not changed. And a motion being introduced authorizing the publisher and committee to correspond with those Conferences who might be disposed to unite with the New England Conference in patronizing the Herald, and give them an *equal* interest and privilege according to the patronage which they might afford, it unanimously passed in Conference.

He proceeds, "In June and July last, the New England and Maine Conferences authorized the sale of the Herald, without requiring the continuance of it in Boston. On this basis the Book Agents assented to a negotiation." The "basis" of the resolve of Conference is here misrepresented.

In June last, the New England Conference recommended the sale of the Herald, in which the Maine Conference afterwards concurred, on condition that the Agents would take it at "*a fair valuation by men acquainted with the nature and value of such establishments.*" On *this* "basis" the Agents positively declined a negotiation, because the New England Conference is an integral part of the general Conference. The Trustees of the Conference, (who acted for the Conference in this business,) then consented [illegible] the circumstances growing out of our relation to the general Conference, whereby the value of the Herald would be lessened to the latter, should be relieved also, and a deduction made, on account of these circumstances, from the value of the paper." The Agents declined negotiating on this "basis" also. And here the business appeared to be at an end, until the Agent proposed that the Trustees should choose a committee from their own body to negotiate with him. After much hesitation the Trustees, partly out of respect for the office and judgment of the Agent present, & more from a love of peace and to promote a good understanding with the Agents, there being no other alternative left, agreed to depart so far from the spirit of the resolve under which they acted, as to appoint said committee. We leave the reader to make his own comments here, as well as upon the article which gave rise to these statements.

"The Book Agents agreed to purchase the establishment, on terms which they considered very favorable to the proprietors." The Trustees never complained of the "purchase terms" as they agreed to them, but they never considered 6000 dollars a very liberal sum for a paper which had 5500 subscribers, especially when it was considered that the accounts were to be transferred with the paper, and that these were more than enough to pay all the demands against the establishment, after deducting one fourth for bad debts and for collecting.

"Subsequently to this they were informed by the Publisher of the Herald, that it was indispensable previously to a transfer, that they should make a suitable provision for him also; that he held the whole establishment in his own name, and was unwilling to transfer it till this should be done. The Book Agents declined to do this, and the negotiation ended. Nothing else that we know of prevented a transfer, except a trifling amount of interest, which for exactness sake we mention."

In order to understand this it must be known that the Agent made two propositions to the Committee, embracing two distinct conditions of sale, in which he engaged to make "what provision might be necessary for the apprentices and workmen in the office" as wished to accompany the paper to New York. To either of which the committee assented with certain modifications which were stated in writing in their answer, and left it optional with the Agent to say on which (if either,) he would receive the establishment. The second of which, requiring that the Agents should take the whole establishment with *the accounts*, and pay six thousand dollars, was ultimately preferred by them. On the first of these was a stipulation for interest on one half after July 1827, and on the other after January 1828. But this was forgotten while the Agents and the Committee were together, on the second; but two members of the Committee had conversation with the Agent at different times, after the Committee rose, each giving his private opinion only; one, that though it was reasonable to require interest on the second proposition from the time of sale, yet he thought the Committee would be willing to wait till July 1827 without interest; the other, that he thought interest would be required on the second as on the first proposition. The Agent, though authorized to close the business on the spot, chose to lay the whole before the Committee at New York; to which the Committtee here assented and they parted in good feelings.

In due time a communication was received from the Agents in New York, stating that they had agreed to accept the establishment on the second proposition, and stating their understanding of the conditions, that they should pay one half the first of July, 1827, and the balance the first of January, 1828, without interest;—leaving arrangements for the Publisher to future adjustment, and requiring that notice be given in the next week's Herald of the transfer, and that the paper would be printed in New York the first week in October, without one word as to the time or manner of executing the transfer, and exchanging the necessary papers. This threw the Trustees into the greatest perplexity. They did not doubt the probity of the Agents, or that they would be holden by the letters in their hands. But evidently the arrangements were not sufficiently definite to justify making the required declaration of the transfer to the public. All men are liable to misunderstanding and forgetfulness. Of this the late negotiation and the communication from the Agents had furnished but too many proofs. Here was one new condition,—the arrangement for the Publisher being postponed to a time indefinite; and the requirement to publish the notice of the transfer before it was actually made, and before any arrangements were made for its execution, if not against explicit provision, yet was contrary to every thing the Trustees had anticipated, as well as against propriety in the case. This requisition was peculiarly embarrassing as the Publisher, for legal purposes, the Trustees not having been incorporated till of late, held the establishment in his own name, and, in addition to a considerable amount which he had personally advanced, was actually holden at the bank for several thousand dollars, together with the Trustees of the Methodist Society, who had kindly lent their names for his accommodation. If the Agents were not apprised of these facts

that it would be soon enough to
, when profits should be realized,
the Conference on this subject
And a motion being introduced
isher and committee to corres-
erences who might be disposed
v England Conference in patro-
nd give them an *equal* interest
ing to the patronage which they
imously passed in Conference.
June and July last, the New
Conferences authorized the sale
out requiring the continuance of
s basis the Book Agents assented
The "basis" of the resolve of
misrepresented.
New England Conference recom-
the Herald, in which the Maine
rds concurred, on condition that
ke it at "*a fair valuation by men*
nature and value of such establish-
basis" the Agents positively de-
because the New England Con-
l part of the general Conference.
e Conference, (who acted for the
business,) then consented that "all
rowing out of our relation to the
, whereby the value of the Her-
ed to the latter, should be referred
made, on account of these circum-
lue of the paper." The Agents de-
n this "basis" also. And here the
be at an end, until the Agent pro-
stees should choose a committee
ly to negotiate with him. After
Trustees, partly out of respect
dgment of the Agent present, but
peace and to promote a good un-
e Agents, there being no other al-
d to depart so far from the spirit of
hich they acted, as to appoint such
ave the reader to make his own
well as upon the article which
atements.
nts agreed to purchase the estab-
which they considered very favor-
tors." The Trustees never com-
rchase terms" as they agreed to
er considered 6000 dollars a very
aper which had 5500 subscribers,
was considered that the accounts
red with the paper, and that these
ugh to pay all the demands against
after deducting one fourth for bad
cting.
o this they were informed by the
erald, that it was indispensable, pre-
r, that they should make a suitable
lso; that he held the whole estab-
name, and was unwilling to trans-
be done. The Book Agents de-
nd the negotiation ended. Noth-
now of prevented a transfer, except
f interest, which for exactness sake

rstand this it must be known that
o propositions to the Committee, em-
ct conditions of sale, in which he
"what provision might be neces-
pprentices and workmen in the
to accompany the paper to New
of which the committee assented
fications which were stated in writ-
r, and left it optional with the A-
ch (if either,) he would receive the
The second of which, requiring that
take the whole establishment *with*
pay six thousand dollars, was ulti-
by them. On the first of these was
nterest on one half after July 1827,
after January 1828. But this was
e Agents and the Committee were
second; but two members of the
onversation with the Agent at differ-
he Committee rose, each giving his
ly; one, that though it was reason-
terest on the second proposition from
et he thought the Committee would
till July 1827 without interest; the
ught interest would be required on
the first proposition. The Agent,
d to close the business on the spot,
hole before the Committee at New
the Committtee here assented and
od feelings.
communication was received from
w York, stating that they had agreed
stablishment on the second proposi-
their understanding of the conditions,
pay one half the first of July, 1827,
he first of January, 1828, without in-
arrangements for the Publisher to fu-
and requiring that notice be given in
Herald of the transfer, and that the
printed in New York the first week in
one word as to the time or manner
transfer, and exchanging the neces-
his threw the Trustees into the great-
They did not doubt the probity of the
hey would be holden by the letters in
t evidently the arrangements were
efinite to justify making the required
e transfer to the public. All men are
erstanding and forgetfulness. Of this,
ion and the communication from the
ished but too many proofs. Here was
on,—the arrangement for the Publish-
ed to a time indefinite; and the re-
blish the notice of the transfer before
made, and before any arrangements
its execution, if not against explicit
as contrary to every thing the Trus-
ted, as well as against propriety in the
uisition was peculiarly embarrassing,
, for legal purposes, the Trustees not
orporated till of late, held the estab-
wn name, and, in addition to a consid-
which he had personally advanced, was
at the bank for several thousand dol-
ith the Trustees of the Methodist Socie-
dly lent their names for his accommo-
Agents were not apprised of these facts

it was pure inadvertency, and was what gave the appearance of new conditions in the Publisher's reply, (if there was any appearance of new conditions,) to their last communication. If the Agent was not informed that the Publisher held the establishment in his own name, yet he was expressly informed that if the establishment was removed, the demands against it must be met at the same time. His reply was made with the privity of the Trustees of the Conference, and could not be considered as making new conditions, if it were observed that he therein professed a readiness to make the transfer according to agreement, but not otherwise, as that would affect him personally and seriously. The Publisher's letter makes no new conditions, but is opposed to what was considered new conditions in the communication from the Agents.

We forbear to make any further comment upon this section in the Advocate, as it is our design to say no more than necessity requires to set this subject in a true light before the public.

How the editor of the "Advocate" could say he had very reluctantly been compelled to notice this subject at all," to us is a mystery, and will remain so, till some cause beside the publication of Dr. Roberts' letter and the accompanying remarks be assigned for it. It is for us to say, "we have very reluctantly been compelled to notice this subject;" but having thus far noticed it, we shall not, unless again *compelled*, trouble the public with what the mantle of charity was designed to cover.

"A FATHERS LETTER TO HIS INFANT SON."

Our readers will remember that an original letter, with the above title, appeared in Zion's Herald of Nov. 15, over the signature of "Paternus." It has since been copied into the Christian Advocate. It is not our practice to compliment our correspondents on the favorable reception which their communications meet abroad; yet we may be permitted to quote the remarks of a correspondent to the Christian Advocate, expressive of the high estimation in which he held this letter.

"A gentleman remarked the other day, that 'A Father's letter to his infant son,' which appeared in the twelfth number of the Advocate, was worth, in his opinion, the cost of the paper for a year."

Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham.—In our last we copied from a Worcester paper an account of this flourishing institution, which, on better information, we think rather exceeded the present state of this seminary. A farm is purchased, and all the improvements, alluded to in the extract which we copied, are according to the original plan, and will go into operation with all the haste which the funds and patronage of the Academy will permit. We learn that no student is admitted under the age of ten years.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CONSISTENT CONCLUSION. The inhabitants of a place not far from where I write, who professed to be Universalists, concluded, as I was informed, not to pay for any more preaching: for, believing that all would be saved, thought they, "it will be better to keep our money, than to give it to men for telling us what can do no good." I think if this should be the course generally taken, the Universal trumpet would cease to sound. It is so unlike the true religion that it could not thrive in poverty. M. S.

Bristol, N. H.

RECIPE TO PAY FOR A RELIGIOUS PAPER.

From an esteemed correspondent we have received the following fact and observations.

"A subscriber, speaking about taking the Herald, dropt a few words that rested with some weight on my mind. Said he, 'I want to take Zion's Herald very much; it is an excellent paper. I believe I can save enough to pay for it. If I can save *one cent* per day it will more than pay for the paper. *I can do it.* I will take it if you will send for it.'

"This is to the purpose—just the way to take Zion's Herald. A good *hint* to others, and may it be well received. Ah! thought I, how many might take Zion's Herald in the same way! How many ways to save *one cent* per day to pay for the the good tidings which the Herald brings! Are there not thousands who might, without injury to themselves, work long enough to earn *one cent* more every day than they now do? A little more industry, prudence, and economy would place the Herald in the reach of very many. Now by this I do not mean to have any labor beyond their strength; or be so prudent as to starve themselves, their families, their poor neighbors or their ministers; or so economical (if economy it may be called) as to be a covetous man or an extortioner. I mean only that every one should be diligent in business, live prudently, and act in all things as good stewards who must give an account to God. I hope many will be provoked to take this man as an example (in this respect); save their one cent per day, and become subscribers for Zion's Herald. May God make it a means of salvation to their souls."

ORDINATION. On Wednesday last, Mr. Edward Beecher was ordained pastor of Park Street Church and Society in this city. The order of services was as follows;—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Brown Emerson, of Salem; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Beecher, of this city; Consecrating Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Codman, of Dorchester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Green, of this city; Address to the church and people, by Rev. Mr. Fay, of Charlestown; Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr. Gile, of Milton.

PENOBSCOT DISTRICT—QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

THIRD QUARTER.

Penobscot Circuit,	at Surry,	January	6, 7.
Dennysville	"	"	13, 14.
St. Croix	" at Calais,	"	20, 21.
St. Stephen	"	"	27, 28.
Columbia	" at Goldsboro',	Feb.	3, 4.
Orrington	" at Bucksport,	"	10, 11.
Hampden	" at Frankfort,	"	17, 18.
Belfast	"	"	24, 25.
Thomaston	"	March	3, 4.
Union	"	"	10, 11.
Bangor	"	"	17, 18.
Vinalhaven	"	"	24, 25.

JOSHUA HALL, *P. Elder.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

Judge Davis' edition of "The New England Memorial," written and first published by N. Morton, of Plymouth, in 1675, is printed and will be ready for publication to-morrow morning. The original work was a small 12mo. volume; the present is a large 8vo. of more than 400 pages. The notes are ample, and highly interesting. They furnish biographical notices of all the eminent men of the Old Colony in early times, both of the first and second generation. And many valuable events which occurred in the first settlement, not recorded by Morton, are faithfully narrated. To a native of the Old Colony it will be quite as entertaining and interesting as Savage's late edition of Winthrop's is to the people of Boston and vicinity. In some respects, perhaps, the third edition of Morton is more interesting than the other—For Plymouth was settled ten years before Boston, and eight before Salem—And but a few years later than Virginia. The leading characters of the Plantation of Plymouth were men of intelligence, good education, stern manners, and sound principles. They were as resolute as they were pious. They feared nothing so much as error, sin and slavery. They were resolved to do their duty to God and to posterity, let it cost them whatever it might. And it did cost them many and severe sufferings—But their loss was our gain—They were willing to be spoiled of all worldly goods, so that divine truth might be maintained in the world, and their children enjoy the blessings of civil and religious freedom. Morton's Memorial is supposed to have been principally compiled from Governor Bradford's MS. history, which was never printed, and is now lost. But this does not render Morton's less valuable and correct. It was a happy circumstance that the most important parts of the MS. were selected and published before it was destroyed. Many of the descendants of the early Plymouth settlers migrated to Connecticut, and thence to N. York and other parts of the country. This volume, enriched as it is, by notes, preserving many important and interesting facts from oblivion, must be sought for with avidity, not only by the antiquary, but by all who wish to know the events and characters of the first plantation of the country by civilized and Christian Europeans.—*B. Com. Gazette.*

Washington Irving.—Until a day or two since, the last that we heard of our countryman Irving was, that he had gone to Spain for the purpose of examining the manuscripts still extant among the archives of that nation, relating to Christopher Columbus, preparatory to writing a history of his life, but that he had afterwards abandoned the project. The latter is so far true, that Mr. Irving at first placing his principal dependence upon the ancient manuscripts of Navarette, and those falling short of his expectations, for a time gave up his researches. But we are now happy to have it in our power to say, that he has since discovered other and important manuscript documents, which have encouraged him to recommence the highly responsible work of presenting to the world a biography of the discoverer of the Western Continent, and that he is prosecuting it with all diligence. His opportunities are propitious, as he forms a part of the diplomatic family of Mr. Everett, our Minister at Madrid, and, we understand, has the facilities necessary for his undertaking.

We congratulate our countrymen upon the prospect, and that a history, of which we had despaired, is likely to devolve upon one who has acquitted himself so creditably in whatever he has thus far undertaken. The Life of Napoleon, by Scott, and of Columbus, by Irving, if well executed, will form two of the most interesting features in the literature of the present century.—*N. Y. Times.*

Dr. Comstock, of Hartford, Conn. has found out a chemical process by which to render leather, cloth, and divers other things, impervious to water. We saw a pair of prunnella shoes which did not differ at all in appearance from ordinary shoes of this kind, that had been soaked in water for days without the least dampness on the inside. To what purposes, or how extensively, the Doctor means to apply his discovery, is what he himself has perhaps not yet determined, but it has every appearance of being a most important one. He said to us positively that it is a very different thing, so far as he could find out, from any of the plans for such purposes that have ever before been used or recommended.—*Hartford pap.*

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

At an adjourned meeting of the Corporation of this Institution, on the 20th. ult. the Rev. *Francis Wayland*, Professor in Union College, Schenectady, was unanimously elected President of the University—and a committee appointed to apprize him of his election. It is understood we believe that Mr. Wayland will probably accept the appointment, and may be expected to enter on the duties of his office, at the commencement of the term, in March next.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Mr. Pratt, an ingenious artist of this city, has painted four superb Views of the White Mountains, giving their proper proportions, the scene at the Notch, the parts where the late avalanches of rocks and earth occurred, the spots where the desolated buildings stood, and where the remains of the late victims were found.

These interesting pictures, another evidence of the talent of our country, have been placed in Mr. Greenleaf's book-store, in Washington Street, and attract the attention of the lovers of the Fine Arts.

NIAGARA FALLS.—James Geddes, Esq. in some observations on the country about the south side of Lake Ontario, gives some powerful reasons for our rejecting the general opinion, that Niagara Falls have retired, in the course of ages, several miles. He says that Lake Erie is retained at its elevation, by an extensive ridge of lime stone intermingled with horn stone. North east of the lake is a great bed of clay, beginning on Genesee river, at the mouth of Black Creek, and reaching through the Great Tonawanta Swamp, over Grand Island, on Chippewa river to Grand river.

This extensive level is bounded towards Lake Ontario by a long and irregular ledge of lime stone rocks, once the Lake shore, descending abruptly to the lower country, and producing the falls in the Oak Orchard Creek, Genesee river, and the outlets from Canandaigua, Seneca, and other small lakes, and traceable into Oneida county. The line of this descent of land is irregularly notched inwards; and in many of the notches run streams of water, which often makes them seem to have been produced by those currents. It is evident, however, that this was not the case; and it is the object of Mr. Geddes to show, that the long ravine through which Niagara river flows below the cataract, was one of these natural openings, and therefore not cut away by the water.

His reasoning certainly appears very forcible, and the facts he presents almost sufficient to overthrow the old theory. They will attract much attention. From an acquaintance with the country in that region, he further suggests that it is within the compass of possibility that the Weland canal may turn the course of Niagara river. The clay bed on the Tonawanta creek is 40 feet deep; and in the neighborhood of Lake Ontario, where the canal is to run, the soil is entirely free from stones at least to the depth of eight feet below the surface of deep water in the river. If a strong current should once get running through this loose soil, he thinks it would soon tear out a new channel for Niagara.

General Wolfe.—Mr. Murray, a London book-seller, announces for publication the "Life and Correspondence of General Wolfe," in 3 vols. 8vo. and considerable interest appears to be excited as to their contents. We know little of Wolfe, except his military exploits and his heroic death. The following anecdote is calculated, we think to sharpen curiosity. It is taken from Playfair's Life of Professor Robinson, contained in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh:"—"Robinson belonged to the expedition against Quebec, and he happened to be on duty in the boat in which Wolfe went to visit some of his posts the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine; the scene, considering the work they were engaged in, and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's Elegy, (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known,) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding, as he concluded, that "he would prefer being the author of that poem, to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."—*Alb. Daily Adv.*

A curiosity lost.—Among other literary curiosities destroyed by fire in the Basilican library, at Constantinople, was a manuscript of the Iliad and Odyssey, written in letters of gold, upon a serpent's gut, 120 feet in length.

We are gratified to learn that the Rev. Dr. Holmes, of Cambridge, intends to publish a new edition of "American Annals." This work, in two large octavo volumes, was first published by Dr. H. about 25 years ago, recording events to the close of the last century.—It will now consist of 3 volumes, bringing a chronological statement of important facts down to 1820. The first edition was a correct and valuable work, the labor of many years of careful research. No man in the country is more thoroughly acquainted with historical events of former periods; and no one has more critically studied the history of our own country.—*Boston Com. Gazette.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

Agreeably to the appointment of the third Congregational Church in Plymouth, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Freeman, the 22d Dec. was observed by that Church and the Religious Society associated with it, as a day of thanksgiving, Humiliation and Prayer.

In the morning, prayers were offered in the House of God, by Rev. Messrs. Eaton, of Middleborough, and Dexter of Plympton, and a most interesting Discourse, in commemoration of the Landing of the Forefathers, was delivered by Rev. Mr. Stoors, of Braintree, from 2 Chron. xi. 16. The afternoon was devoted to prayer and exhortation, and the exercises were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Dexter, Storrs, Eaton, Shaw, of Middleborough, Sawyer and Plaisted, of Rochester. In the evening, an impressive Discourse was delivered by Rev. Mr. Gay, of Bridgwater.

The day was unusually pleasant for the time of year, and the season interesting to the friends of Zion, and one which we believe will long be remembered with pleasure by all present, who love the faith of the Pilgrims.

Shocking Accident. We have seen a letter from a young gentleman at Northampton to his father in this city, giving a melancholy account of the upsetting of the mail stage from Albany to Northampton, within five or six miles of the latter place, about six o'clock in the evening of 21st ultimo. There were eight passengers inside and one, a young man, son of the Rev. Mr. Tower, of Millbury, on the outside with the driver. The driver and Mr. Tower were thrown from the seat on to a ledge of rocks. The driver died in about an hour; Mr. Tower lived till nine next morning. The rest of the passengers were much bruised. Only two of them were men, one of whom had his leg broken. The other six, women and children were more or less injured. The collar bone of one was much fractured. The driver never spoke after he was taken up, and the young man who was thrown from the seat with him was unable to give any account of the cause of the accident. The passengers inside knew nothing more of it, than that, at the bottom of a very steep hill the carriage was suddenly upset. It was conjectured that the carriage came in the middle of the road till it reached the foot of the hill, and that the horses were then frightened or that the harness broke, and turned the carriage suddenly from the road. One of the females, who had an infant and one or two other children, crawled from the carriage and went to a house at a little distance, and obtained the aid of its inhabitants. The leading horses escaped when the carriage upset; the other two were found lying on the rocks with the body of the carriage upon them.—*Courier.*

New Benevolent Institution.—It is proposed in Baltimore to raise a fund to give employment to poor females of good character. It is believed that by securing to industrious women good places as servants, or a ready sale for their manufactures, an asylum in sickness, and a place of instruction for their children, they will be less exposed to suffer by the negligence of vicious husbands, and that many families may be saved from ruin.—*N. Y. Obs. and Chron.*

The National Intelligencer employs ninety-seven persons, besides the Editors and Clerks; and works up 300 reams of paper per week. The work of Congress was never better or more expeditiously done than by the present printers—Messrs. Gales and Seaton.

KENNEBUNK, Dec. 23.

Horrid Transaction. We are informed that on Tuesday last, a person by the name of Ivory Goodwin, of Kennebunk-Port, a being naturally possessed of a malignant and revengeful temper, and who has added to his natural depravity by the immoderate use of ardent spirits, loaded his gun with shot and discharged its contents into the floor of the room in which he lived, observing to his wife (who is said to be a woman of fine dispositon, but who has long suffered from his ill treatment) that it was a warning—He then re-loaded his gun, his wife having ran into another room in the same house, occupied by a Mr. Gooch, where Goodwin pursued her. On his attempting to enter the room, Mrs. Gooch pushed him back, shut the door and held it, when he immediately discharged the contents of his gun through the door, which entered her body and she fell back into a chair; he then entered the room, and observed that he had not killed the damned bitch, but would soon fix her—He then a third time loaded his piece, when the cries of the women and the report of his gun, brought the Rev. Gideon Cook to the spot the moment he was priming. Mr. C. took the gun from him, asking him what he meant by such conduct—His answer was without sorrow or compunction at the horrid transaction which he had just perpetrated; but on the contrary regretted that he had not killed her, and wished that she might die.—He was arrested and taken before George Wheelwright, Esq. examined and committed to York gaol, to await his trial at the next term of the Supreme Court in April next.

A large number of shot entered the body of Mrs. Gooch, but we are happy to learn that hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Lottery Gambling. A police report in a Philadelphia paper sets in a strong light the consequences of this practice. An old man of good appearance and well dressed, was brought up on a charge of assault and battery, and larceny in picking the pocket of a drunken Irishman. In answer to the questions put to him by the Mayor, the prisoner declared "that he was nearly sixty years of age—that he was reduced to poverty and desperation by gambling in lotteries—that he had within the last forty years spent *twenty three thousand dollars*, or more than 500 dollars a year, and that *he had never drawn a prize of any importance.*

An account is given in a western paper, of a shocking murder committed in Le Roy, N. Y. by an insane person on the body of his mother. The lunatic was usually kept in chains, but during the absence of his father he broke loose; seized a small kettle, with which he knocked down his mother, and before assistance could be rendered, he had taken an axe, cut open her breast, besides chopping and mangling her body in many other places, which caused her instant death, and had dragged her into the street.

The subjoined account of a very dreadful accident, is copied from the Cincinnati Commercial Register of the 4th ult.

"On Saturday morning last, about five miles below Big Bone, and fifty-five miles from Cincinnati, the boiler of the steamboat Union burst, producing instant destruction to the boat, and killing and wounding several individuals. The boiler past through the boat under the forecastle, and she sunk instantly. There were four persons killed, and seven badly wounded. The Engineer is among the killed. The names of those who were killed, were Robert Simmons, Thomas Kelley, Williams, and one whose name is unknown. The body of one only has been found, that of Kelly, the Engineer.

The Union was a small boat, built for the purpose of running during the winter. From the account which has reached us, the accident is entirely imputable to the indiscretion of the unfortunate Engineer who was killed. A defect or derangement was perceived in one end of the boiler, and was spoken of, but it was presumed that no immediate danger was to be apprehended. This is the first accident of the kind which happened for a long time on the Ohio The passengers and hands, who were not wounded, were brought to this place yesterday, in the Gen. Marion. The wounded were left near the place where the accident occurred. It is providential that so few passengers were on board. A person on board has expressed astonishment that a single individual could escape.

On Tuesday morning, a house belonging to Mr. Walden, and a barn belonging to Wm. H. D'Wolf, Esq. of Bristol, R. I. were consumed by fire. In the Barn were three valuable horses, some hogs and grain, which were all burnt.—Loss estimated at $6000. No Insurance.

A sailor, lately retiring from the U. S. Bank, with some money he had received, observing a box inscribed Collection, thought it a Contribution Box, and dropped a dollar in it!

In September last, there was a division muster at Dedham, ten or twelve miles from this city, where the health of several thousand men was much exposed.—Two gentlemen of this city, who commanded companies on that occasion, are now dead! And their deaths, we understand, can be directly traced, not to any unnecessary indulgence, but to unavoidable fatigue and exposure, to which they had not been accustomed.—*Boston Rec. and Tel.*

Melancholy Shipwreck.—The schooner La Fayette, sailed from Stonington, Conn. on the 16th Sept. last, on a sealing voyage round Cape Horn. Her crew consisted of the following persons, viz: Jonathan Pendleton, of Stonington, master; Smith Bloomfield, N. Jersey, chief mate: Benjamin F. Wheeler, Stonington, 2d do.; Sam'l M'Calpin, of New York, Geo. Thompson, of Wales, John M'Guyer and Harvey Sherman, of Halfmoon, N. Y., Gorton Miller, of Panton, Vt., William Robinson, (colored man,) of Middletown, Joseph Peters, (do.) of Stonington, John Brown, of England, James Walton, of Scotland, William Norris, of New London, Joseph Kelly, of Dartmouth, and Peter George, of Groton—seamen. Sixty days had clapsed since their departure, and their friends were thinking of them as traversing the trackless waste of the Atlantic, on their rapid way to the southern ocean; and were looking forward through many long months, to the time when they should return, laden with the rich reward of their toils. But who can anticipate the purposes of Him who holds the winds in his fist! On Saturday evening last, our villagers were thrown into consternation, by the sudden appearance of Capt. Pendleton among us. His sunken eye, and emaciated form, too plainly told that he had been the sport of cruel fortune—that he had been contending with the winds and billows of the troubled deep—that he had barely escaped the shafts of death. We have seen Capt. Pendleton, and conversed with him. His vessel was capsized on the 26th of September, ten days out. Mr. Bloomfield, chief mate, and three of the crew were lost; and the survivors, eleven in number, remained on the wreck, twenty days, during which time their sufferings were too intense for language to describe.—Capt. Pendleton was three times washed from the wreck, and twice saved by the exertions of Mr. Wheeler, the 2d mate. It was altogether the most distressing shipwreck of which we have had any knowledge.—*Stonington Yankee.*

Reinterment of the remains of Commodore Perry.

"And the muffled drum rolled on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there:
On every arm was the black Crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground;
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead."

The remains of this distinguished officer were landed from the Lexington, at anchor in the harbor of Newport, early in December last—Minute guns were fired as the barge proceeded from the ship to the wharf. The corpse was placed on a magnificent car, drawn by four white horses. A very large procession was formed, embracing the principal officers of the State, civil and military, and escorted by the independent companies of Newport, Providence and Pautucket.—The procession moved through Thames street to the burying ground, where the funeral service of the Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Mr. Wheaton, and a volley was discharged over the grave. The procession returned to the wharf, and was dismissed. The pall bearers were Comm. Chauncey, Captains Creighton, Crane, Shubrick, Turner and Kearney. Of the survivors of the battle of Lake Erie, Doctor Usher Parsons, Capt. D. Turner, Lt. W. V. Taylor, and Thomas Breeze, Purser, were present at the solemnities. The steam boat Washington left Providence for Newport between 7 and 8 in the morning, with the military companies of Providence and Pautucket, and many other gentlemen, and returned at half past 6 in the evening.

A Warning to Mothers.—A infant son of Mr. Samuel Smith, of this city, aged about eighteen months, was left alone, the mother having stepped into a neighbor's. She was recalled by the screams of her child, which she found enveloped in flames. Its clothes, which were of cotton, were almost entirely consumed, and the child, after lingering under excruciating tortures, died on Saturday morning last.—*Hartford Times.*

Melancholy Disaster.—On the 24th November, Job Kelley, Henry Tewksbury, and George W. Blackey, of Moultonborough, set out from Centre Harbor in a gondola, loaded with timber, to cross Lake Winnipisegoe to Alton Bay. The wind blowing a heavy gale from the north west, after passing Rattle snake Island, about dark, the boat filled, and before the deck could be cleared, upset and drifted before the wind. They clung to the boat until it drifted near Black Point, when Blackey, chilled and exhausted, was swept off by the violence of the waves. The other two continued on the boat until it struck the sand in Walker's Cove, about twenty rods from shore, and in ten feet water; soon after which, Kelley, benumbed with cold, said he could hold out no longer, and went to the bottom. Tewksbury continued to cry for help until he was heard by Mr. Robert Walker, living near the shore, who, with the assistance of the neighbors, succeeded, with great difficulty and danger, in taking him off, though exhausted and nearly senseless, being, at the time, about one o'clock in the morning, having remained on the boat six or seven hours. The body of Blackey was found washed up at the shore the next morning, and that of Kelley was taken up near the boat after two or three hours search.—*Concord Pat.*

Coroner's Inquest.—On Wednesday, an Inquest was held on the body of Wm. Figgins, of Dartmouth, who had been long afflicted with the water-brash, &c. and coming to town with his wife on Tuesday, was induced to stop at the house of a woman, who had recommended a decoction of a certain pungent root as a cure. A strong extract was accordingly made from the root, by boiling a pint of water down to half that quantity, which he drank.

Coming down the road, he complained of strange feelings, of great heat, and as though he should fly into the air, or burst. He crossed the Ferry, and at 4 o'clock was taken to the Drug store of Dr. Avery, where he expired, after complaining of severe heat and pain, in about 15 minutes, in a state of apparent insensibility.

The corpse was examined by Drs. Wallace and Avery; who discovered a great distension of the abdomen, and an inflammation of the internal coats of the stomach;—but no natural cause for a death so sudden.

Verdict.—The deceased came to his death in consequence of having taken a strong decoction of a root of a poisonous nature, administered by Mary Early, with his consent, as a medicine—she not knowing it to be poisonous.

The woman is held on bail to answer any charge that may de madeagainst her at the Supreme Court.

An Old Sinner.—A gentleman eighty years of ago ran away from Pottsville, Penn. and carried his property with him, to avoid the maintenance of an illegitimate child!

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

NEW POST OFFICE.

Readfield, (Kent's Hill,) Dec. 23, 1826.

Sir—You will please have the goodness to notice in the Herald, that a Post Office is established on Kent's Hill, near the Maine Wesleyan seminary, in Readfield, Kennebec county, Maine, of which Lory Bacon, is appointed Post Master. All communications per mail to the officers or students resident at or in the vicinity of the seminary, should be directed to "Kent's Hill Post Office, county of Kennebec, Maine."

MARRIED,

In this city, Mr. George Neat to Miss Eliza P. Young; Mr. Osgood H. Fifield to Miss Hannah Walsh: Mr. Peter J. Wilson to Miss Sarah Nash; Mr. George Taylor to Miss Ann Ashman; Mr. Henry Timmins to Miss Elizabeth Hubbard Greene, daughter of Gardiner Greene, Esq.; Capt. Seth Bartlett to Miss Mary Kimball; Mr. Moses Coller of Northfield, to Miss Mary Greenleaf; Mr. John Bagley to Miss Sarah Hunnewell; Mr. Ebenezer Alexander to Miss Nancy Wilson; Mr. Richard Burroughs to Mrs. Cynthia Bowen; Mr. Samuel Goodridge to Miss Sarah H. Elliot.

In Roxbury, Mr. William Nash, of this city, to Miss Mary Leonard.

In Holden, Mr. Charles R. Heywood, of this city, to Miss Eunice Davis.

In Harvard, Mr. Elisha Turner, of Boston, to Miss Catherine Childs, of Concord, N. H.

In Marblehead, on Christmas evening, Mr. Ebenezer Rand to Miss Hannah Calley.

In Harwich, Sept. 14, 1826, by Rev. Hezekiah Thatcher, Mr. Basset Chase, 3d, to Miss Polly Nickerson.

In Chatham, Sept. 14, 1826, by the Rev. H. Thatcher, Mr. Simon Eldridge to Miss Mehitable Eldridge.

In Barnstable, Dec 10, 1826, by the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Frederick Gardner, merchant, of Nantucket, to Miss Rebecca Hallet, of the former place.

In Deering, N. H. by the Rev. J. Allen, Mr. Nathan Bailey to Miss Phebe L. Peaslee.

In Warren, N. H. by the Rev. S. Allen, Mr. John Gould, jr to Miss Mary Carter.

DIED,

In this city, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Moses Barnard, aged 34; Mrs. Lucy Munroe, wife of Mr. Solomon M. aged 36; Mr. Nathaniel Safford, aged 33; Mr. William Traynor, aged 43; Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. Johnson Colby; John Fisk, aged 19; Hannah Brown, aged 34; Abba Robbins Williams, daughter of Mr John W. aged 13.

In Charlestown, Mr. James Bryant, aged 40.

In Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Hannah Archer, aged CV. She and her husband, were two of the domestic servants of Gen. Washington, during the Revolutionary War.

In Enfield, Con. Dec. 13, William Henry, only son of Mr Ephraim Randall.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BOSTON.

ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.

MONDAY, Dec. 25—*Arrived*, brigs Patriot, Noyes, Honduras: America, Daggett, Richmond.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26—*Arrived*, ship United States, Windsor, Cronstadt and Elsinore; brig Maria, Waterhouse, Philadelphia; sch. Helen, Lewis, Baltimore; English sch. Reindeer, Vaughan, St. Johns, N. B.; schs. Equal, Bates, Fredericksburg. Henry Lucy, Kempton, Deer Isle; Mirror, Bassett, New York.——*Cleared*, brigs General Bolivar, Cobb, Pernambuco; Caroline, Ellis, Trinidad, Cuba; Cherub, Rich, Smyrna: Marion Cole, Gibraltar; schs. James Warren, Mayo, Savannah; Abigail, Elwell, Baltimore.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27—*Arrived*, brigs Palm, Lincoln, Philadelphia: Ajax, (new) Bristol, Me.; schs. Nancy, Morrison, New York; Eclipse, Howes, do.——*Cleared*, schs. Salmon, Mansfield, Tampico; Constitution, Moore, Fredericksburg: sloop Globe, Baker, New York.

THURSDAY, Dec. 28—*Arrived*, schs. Delaware, Philadelphia; Fair Lady, Atkins, Baltimore.——*Cleared*, brig Hope, Berry, Baltimore.

FRIDAY, Dec. 29—*Arrived*, sch. Harmon, Ray, Harrington, Me.——*Cleared*, brig Index, Baker, Maranham; schs. Salumith, Soule, Duxbury; Hope, Marshall, Lubec; Caroline, Ellis, Norfolk.

SATURDAY, Dec. 30—*Arrived*, schs. Leader, Roberts, St. Juan, Nicaragua; Governor Brooks, Baltimore; Henry, Durham, New York; Ann, Mason, Fredericksburg; Alexander, Haskell, Lubec; Jasper, Emmons, Georgetown, Me.; sloop Delight, Williams, New York.——*Cleared*, brigs Patrick Henry, Spalding, Brazils; Maria, Waterhouse, Portland; Creole, Loring, New Orleans; schs. George, Glover, Cape Haytien; Laura, Kendall, Brazils and a market; Glide, Pray, St. Thomas and a market, Leader, Atkins, Baltimore; Miranda, Rogers, New Orleans; Eliza Ann, Sloman, St. Johns, N. F.; Lorenzo, Patten, Portsmouth; sloops Rapid, Wheeler, N. York; Milledgville, Knight, Portland.

SUNDAY, Dec. 31—*Arrived*, brig Olive, Kinsman, Surinam.

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S WORK,

Complete in ten octavo volumes, from the last London edition, edited by the Rev. JOSEPH BENSON, A. M. The Journal makes four volumes: the Sermons three; and the Miscellaneous Works three. The Journal is ready for delivery at R. P. and C. Williams, Cornhill Square, No. 79 Washington Street, agents for this part of the country.

The want of a complete and uniform Edition of the Works of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, has long been deplored by a considerable portion of the religious Public. The need complained of may now be supplied, as this Edition is a reprint of the London "Octavo Edition, prepared and published by authority of the British General Conference of the people called Methodists." See the English Editor's Preface, p. 9.

The British Conference in their Annual Address for 1825, invite the attention of their brethren to the important fact, "That the introduction of Books into their families, is the same thing as the introduction of companions into their societies." "In this view (continues the address) you will never, we trust, forget the eminent character of the Writings of our illustrious Founder, which we again recommend to you for your daily companions as more, clearly than any other human compositions unfolding the scriptural doctrine of salvation; and, as connecting the evangelical system of pure and perfect morals, and its spirit of meekness and love, with the life of faith in the divine atonement;—subjects which in other writings, in many respects excellent, are too often disjoined, or imperfectly stated."

Ministers, and others desirous to aid in the circulation of the valuable work, are particularly invited, and requested to speak of these volumes to their friends and make the agents known.

POETS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS OF
ZION'S HERALD.

When the Almighty bade creation rise,
And hung the glittering orbs around the skies,
He gave the glorious sun, that world of light,
To rule the day,—the moon to shine by night;
And stars and comets, in their march sublime,
Have mark'd to man the noiseless flight of time.
Though mute, they pour instruction on his ears;
They charm him with the music of the spheres;
And from his soul demand a grateful song,
As in their annual course they roll along.
With life, and light they all creation cheer,
And bring anew the blessings of the year.

Now let the Herald's Harp once more be strung,
And wake to harmony each tuneful tongue;
As when the youthful David sweetly play'd,
And the foul spirit of his king allay'd,
And bound the rude disorders of his soul,
By the soft chords of music's sweet control;
As when in after days he swept the lyre,
And kindled in the breast devotion's fire—
Thus Zion's songs, when set to heavenly airs,
Shall charm the soul and dissipate its cares.

What though we claim no power of fabled song,
To wake the rocks, and lead the trees along,
Like Orpheus, who, to save his beauteous wife,
Charm'd hell's fierce tyrant and redeem'd her life;
Nor as Timotheus, when his melting strains
Quell'd the mad Greek, and sooth'd his raging brains,
Plac'd all his crimes in horror to his view,
And tears of sorrow from the monster drew;
Yet may each pious heart, to music form'd,
Feel by these strains his dull devotion warm'd,
And the sweet impulse on his heart obey,
And grateful songs to his Redeemer pay.

Though Homer tower to his sublimest height,
And Virgil flash with rays of dazzling light;
Though Pindar drive in pomp his blazing car,
And courtly Horace shine a brilliant star;
Though love soft Ovid's bosom should inspire,
And Venus warm him, and young Cupid fire;
Yet the superior themes the Herald sings,
Inspires the muse to rise on loftier wings—
To spread o'er earth a wider, mightier flame,
And sound the trumpet of immortal fame,
To Him, who in his gospel car careers,
Who rules the church, and manages the spheres;
Whose eyelids dart a bright and heavenly ray,
To ope the morning of millennial day.
The Herald sings a warmer, nobler love,
Which purifies the heart for worlds above.
At the melodious sound of gospel truth,
The dead start back to life, in blooming youth;
The deaf too, hear it, and obey its call;
The blind, enlighten'd, flee from sin and thrall;
With loosen'd tongue the dumb burst forth in praise;
The lame man leaps, and walks in wisdom's ways.
Through nations round, behold these wonders rise,
Till earth renew'd, becomes a paradise.

Such are the Herald's Heaven inspired strains
To cheer the Christian, and beguile his pains,
While, as a pilgrim in this vale of tears,
He lingers out his few and fleeting years,—
To warm his bosom with a flame divine,
And make his face with light and glory shine.
If one small spark should kindle in thy breast,
So dull, so cold, O let it be confest,
And fan with anxious care the feeble ray,
Till it increases to a perfect day.
Let simple truth be placed before thine eyes,
And day by day become more good and wise,
Nor envy others in a different state;
"To be content, is to be truly great."
Far richer than a Crœsus is the soul
Kept in subjection by its own control;—
That rules the passions with a holy skill,
And makes the world a servant at its will.
Well might the conqueror weep in days of yore,
Who conquer'd but one world, and knew no more,
And that he conquer'd to become its slave,
Nor knew the power of truth his soul to save;
But he who conquers in the Christian's strife,
Shall win the glories of eternal life.

This year, begin—this moment, now arise,
And press with ardor for the immortal prize;
Gird on the gospel armor for the fight,
And rush to victory in the Saviour's might;
Thy foes shall flee, or meet a mortal wound,
And the blest victor be with glory crown'd.

Hail! hail! thou Christian warrior, lift thine eyes,
And see thy crown suspended in the skies!
The glittering stars before it fade in night;
The moon, eclipsed, shall lose her borrow'd light;
The sun itself shall shine with feebler ray,
While that crown burns in its eternal day.
'Tis thus the Carrier sings, his friends to cheer,
And closing wishes them a HAPPY YEAR. Z.

JANUARY 1, 1827.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

BISHOPS LATIMER AND RIDLEY BURNT AT OXFORD.

See mitred Ridley bold in death;—
See Latimer augment the glorious band.

Ridley was one of the ablest champions of the reformation; his piety, learning, and solidity of judgment, were admired by his friends, and dreaded by his enemies. The night before his execution, he invited the mayor of Oxford and his wife to see him die; and when he saw them melted into tears, he appeared himself quite unmoved, heaven being his secret supporter and comforter in the hour of agony. When he came to the stake where he was to be burnt, he found his old friend Latimer there before him, and began to comfort him in his sufferings, while Latimer was as ready to return the kind office. A furious bigot ascended to preach to them, before the execution of their sentence. Ridley gave a serious attention to the sermon, and offered to answer it, but this he was not allowed to do. At length the fire was set to the pile: Latimer was soon out of pain, but Ridley continued much longer; his legs being consumed before the fire reached his vitals. This was in the year 1555.

PLAIN PREACHING.

Luther was particularly severe against, and denounced, all preachers that aimed at sublimity, difficulty and eloquence; and neglected the care of the souls of the poor, to seek their own praise and honor, and to please one or two persons of consequence. "When I preach, I sink myself deeply down: I regard neither doctors nor masters, of which there are in the church above forty. But I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children and servants, of which there are more than two thousand. I preach to them, and direct my discourse to those who have need of it. A preacher should be a logician and a rhetorician; that is, he should be able to teach and to admonish. When he preaches upon any article, he must first distinguish it, then define, describe, and show what it is; thirdly, he must produce sentences from the Scripture to prove and strengthen it; fourthly, he must explain it by examples; fifthly, he must adorn it with similitudes: and lastly, he must admonish and arouse the indolent, correct the disobedient, and reprove the authors of false doctrine."

If preachers, would see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in their hands, let them preach the word. In the house of God; in the social meeting; in the family circle; in the private and personal interview; by sermon, by exhortation, by free conversation; to saints awake, to saints asleep; to secure sinners, to anxious inquiring sinners, to sinners contradicting and blaspheming; at all times and all places, and to men of all descriptions, let them preach the word. There is something in the Bible for every person, in every situation; and all scripture is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God, the minister of the word, may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.—*Boston Recorder and Telegraph.*

Dr. Rowland Taylor, burnt at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, in the year 1555.

Dr. Taylor was put in a pitch barrel, and before the fire was kindled, a faggot from an unknown hand was thrown at his head, which made it stream with blood; still, however, he continued undaunted, singing the 31st psalm in English, which one of the spectators observing, gave him a blow on the side of the head, and commanded him to pray in Latin: he then continued a few minutes silent, only with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon heaven, when one of the guards, either through impatience or compassion, struck him down with his halbert, and thus delivered him from a life of pain, to a world of immortal happiness.

Things for which Evangelical Ministers are remarkable.

1. For being much in the spirit of prayer.
2. For abounding in labors.
3. For success in those labors.
4. For activity in promoting whatever is calculated to advance the cause of the Redeemer.
5. They are the subject of frequent revilings.
6. The votaries of this world oppose them.

These will be found to have distinguished evangelical men at all former times, and distinguish them now.

A minister having taken his text, said, "I shall divide this into *twenty-one* heads," and so saying, he produced them all in *detail*.—A gentleman in the congregation said, "When I return home, I shall examine *Keach on the Metaphors*, and see whether you have missed any." He did so, and found that he could speak more for the fidelity of the preacher's memory, than he could for the honesty of his heart, as in this respect, he had most servilely and disingenuously stolen the word from his neighbor. *Dr. Clarke.*

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Where there is reciprocal love subsisting between husband and wife it will unremittingly glow, in defiance to the extinguishable nature of the waters of affliction, and floods of adversity. In their disappointments and griefs they become more and more endeared to each other; which is apparent by their words and works of sympathy and kindness. Their love extends to death and beyond the grave. The surviving partner even after the death of his companion calls to mind the many evidences of her affection which he has received from her. And if he be a Christian, mourns for his great loss in resignation to God, who has promised *all* things shall work for good to those who love him.

L——.

From the Brattleborough Messenger.

Mr. Editor,—Should you think the following remarks of sufficient importance, you will confer a favor by giving them a place in the columns of your paper.

GENESIS xxxvii. 3.—Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children; and he made him a coat of many colors.

In the history from which this is taken, we have an instance, (I wish it was the only one,) of the most extravagant injustice, in the conduct of a parent towards his children. But when the circumstances in this history are minutely investigated; when it is considered that the patriarch lived in an age of the world, when the human understanding was but little improved; we find something to palliate the conduct of the old man, in his partial treatment of his darling son. He loved him more than all his children; possibly more than his God. His over fondness for him doubtless displeased the Lord, who is a jealous God, and will not admit of a rival. He, therefore, suffered him to be torn from the old man's embrace, which overwhelmed him with the bitterest sorrow.

Happy would it be for parents, at this day, if they would learn wisdom from this instructive history. But alas! the example given by Jacob, though censured by reason, is still followed by many at this day, and, what is most astonishing, the custom, in some places, is countenanced by civil law. Still a "coat of many colors" is given to Joseph, while Simeon and Levi, with hearts filled with hatred to their brother, (which makes them murderers in a scriptural sense,) are ready, in violation of the fifth commandment, to dishonor their father.

I rejoice that instances of this kind are becoming less frequent. Reason has burst the fetters of superstition, escaped from the prison of prejudice, and in majesty is seen ascending her throne. Laws which have hitherto favored this partiality of parents towards their children, have been repealed, and parents left to their option in the disposal of their property. But still there are some who follow the example of Jacob, who bow not to the righteous sway of reason's rightful sceptre. The difference, however, is not so much between the sons, as between the son and daughter.

A few days since, in the town of M——, in Massachusetts, died Mr. H——. In his will, he gave to his beloved and only son Joseph his farm, consisting of 200 acres. To his daughters, four or five in number, he gave $140 each. I am aware that there are many who will pronounce this righteous; but I am ready to affirm that it is 'monstrous injustice.' If it were righteous, it would produce the fruits of righteousness.

I ask, why should a parent make a difference among his children in the division of his substance? Has not enough of its dreadful effects been seen, to learn people the folly of such proceedings? What feuds, what contention, what eternal broils, has an unequal division of property caused among children, who ought ever to live in love. I am aware of an argument (if it may be called one) which the defenders of inequality are ready to offer, namely, "that the son needs more than the daughter—for he must have a farm, or store, or something to begin upon; as for the daughter, she must marry a rich husband, and this will make them equal." Weak indeed must be the cause that flies to arguments like this for its support! On the other hand, I urge, that the son is better calculated to gain property than the daughter; and admitting they both live single and enjoy good health, the son will do more with $500 than the daughter can with a thousand. If they are sick, the daughter needs as much as the son. I know it is said that $1000 is no more for a son than $500 for a daughter; but why is it said so? the point is assumed, not proved. —It is said that the daughter needs no more than barely to furnish her house; but this goes upon the supposition that she will infallibly marry a rich husband, insured of which, she might admit your assertion as truth. But I am not looking at contingent events; I am looking for justice, which contingencies cannot affect. I plead for its administration to the daughters of America. I long to see the time when they shall rise to their proper rank and station; when they shall not be regarded merely as the servants or slaves of men, but even in a father's last bequest, share equally with their affectionate brothers. "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." If you wish to have your memory cherished by them; if you wish them to live in peace, like brethren, and the ties of natural affection preserved from the fire of jealousy, do not, I beseech you, say, either in word or action, that you love Joseph more than all your children; but let them know that they share equally in your affections; and to prove which, let them share equally of your substance. AMICUS.

Nov. 24th, 1826.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

DELICATE COMPLIMENT. A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection she had to an union with him, was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the following ingenious and delicate complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

THE RUINED DAUGHTER.

Affectionate Mothers,

It is your duty constantly to remember, that Providence has laid the earliest, the heaviest, and most important part of education, upon you; but it has alleviated and sweetened the task by many peculiar affections and endearments. Let me suppose you have done your duty, and carefully reared up infancy and childhood. The charge must then pass into other hands. But surely both your heart and conscience tell you that you have not yet done with them. Female children in particular are an anxious and a lasting burden upon the mother. They love you, they look up to you, they *imitate* you. You must be, therefore, what you wish them to become. Will a daughter learn to be industrious, from an idle, indolent mother? Will she learn to be sober-minded, by seeing you habitually carried away by the pride of life? Will she catch the spirit of piety from one whose very Sabbaths are devoted to dissipation and pleasure? I will not insult you by supposing that a positively bad example has been set, or that your darling charge may have grossly deviated from the paths of virtue; but let me suppose for a moment, a case that may, and does, happen every day; that your daughter has grown up with a vain, light, worldly mind; has acquired a taste for dress and amusement; has become a perfect mistress of the usual accomplishments of the day and place in which we live; has become an object of attention and admiration.—Let me suppose her attacked with disease, and that disease, perhaps, the effect of levity and dissipation. See, the roses are fading upon her cheek, her "beauty is wasting like a moth;" all her vivacity is reduced to the sudden glow of the hectic, which is gone, before it is well come; she feels the witness of death at her heart, she looks up to you with clouded, wistful eyes, and says, "Ah, my mother you were too indulgent to me. You assisted the tongue of the flatterer, and taught me to forget myself. I was made to believe myself an angel, and now feel that I am a worm. Seeking to shine in the eyes of man, I have neglected the means of finding favor in the sight of God. I now wish I had not frequented the company of the giddy, the thoughtless, and the profane. I do not accuse my dear mother of designedly misleading me; but, would to God she had better understood her own duty and my real interest. Life had been more respectable, and death less frightful than I find it to be. O my God, have mercy, have mercy upon me."

It had been easy to have added to the strength of this address; but even from this, the maternal heart recoils, and deprecates with horror, an hour so dreadful. Well, blessed be God, it is yet a great way off; and what is more, it is in your power to prevent it; I do not mean the stroke of death; but the arrow of death dipt in the poison of remorse. God grant that you may never feel it.—*Hunter.*

Dress. Simplicity of dress is like modesty of manners, the husband of grace. Gorgeous ornaments distract the imagination of the observer, and the wearer, like the silk worm, is hid amidst her own magnificence. But a decent garb, adjusted to the elegant contour of the female form, concealing those beauties that would obtrusively force themselves upon our observation, and harmonizing with a virtuous mind; this is the dress that we should recommend to the fair sex; and which, combined with a modest demeanor, is more attractive than the cestus of Venus, can render even beauty more amiable, impress the idea with the angelic perfection and innocence on the mind of the beholder, and compel us to honor virtue, thus personified in woman!—*Lon. Ladies' Magazine.*

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

SERIOUS ADVICE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

[AN EXTRACT.]

Especially, I would say, read and study the Bible. I can never sufficiently regret my neglect of this incomparable book. Had I taken heed unto it, I might have cleansed my way through the early walks of life; but I was foolish. Do you improve by my folly. As Alexander used Homer, do you use the Bible; make it your companion all day, and your pillow all night. Nothing can be half so important to you. It is your guide, your counsellor, your judge. It contains the key to history—the models of finest eloquence—the genuine morality—the conveyance to immortality!—Make it the standard of all other books. Read them as a judge, but consult it as a disciple. Knowledge elsewhere, is tinctured by the earthly channels through which it flows; but here it dwells as in its fountain—pure, spiritual, living and life imparting! In other works you will find good opinions grafted on bad principles—weak conclusions gathered from just premises—the spirit of the world encumbering the spirit of piety—a strange mixture of clay, iron, and gold; but in the scriptures all is gold—pure unalloyed gold—authorized by the image and superscription of Jehovah that rests upon it. Search the scriptures, as the miner searches the bowels of the earth for the precious metals, for in them is eternal life, and they are they that testify of Jesus! Let me also beg of you, not to rest satisfied with any thing short of genuine religion. I know that your dispositions are serious, and that your habits from the cradle have been pious; but this is one reason why I warn you on this head. Numbers of youth are relying on such privileges; and, by doing so have converted them from blessings into curses. Avoid this evil, and give your serious attention to religion. In studying its nature, let this be a governing sentiment to you, that it is a vital principle. Religion with some people, and people who are very strenuous on the subject too, is like a fine portrait; just and complete in its outward parts, but wanting life—fair to the eye but cold to the touch. Now, religion must not only be perfect in form, but animated with a lively spirit. It is not composed of a proper act or a decent habit—of sublime speculation, or manual observance—it is something above all this—it is the life of the soul, as the soul is the life of the body. LEFEVRE.

GODLY PARENTS.

What a blessing it is for a child to have godly parents. The parents of many children are wicked, and take no pains to teach their children to read and spell, neither do they endeavor to inspire them with the fear and love of God. Nay, some parents are so wicked as to teach their children to lie, and swear, and steal, but we will not talk of such people.

If you, my dear little readers, are so happy as to have kind and holy parents, you have reason indeed to be thankful; be dutiful to these dear parents, and show your regard for them by listening to their instructions. If you read your Bible with attention, you will find that nothing is more offensive in the eyes of God than disobedience to parents—duty and honor are even due to wicked parents, and we are bound to obey them in all matters wherein they do not require us to break any of the commandments of the Lord.

I will now repeat to you some of those portions of the Bible which enforce this duty.

"A wise son heareth his father's instruction; he maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." Prov. xiii. 1; x. 1.

"The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Prov. xxx. 17.

"All these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Deut. vi. 6, 7.—*Phil. Recorder.*

SAILORS' DEPARTMENT.

The following narrative, although not of a recent date, breathes so much of the spirit of piety that we must be permitted to copy it.

An extract of a letter from Mr. HENRY MERRITT to his brother in England, dated, Marblehead, May 23, 1805.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have the happiness to inform you, that, through the mercy of God, Mary and myself are both alive and well. But before you proceed any further in this tale of wo, let me entreat of you to fall down before God, and get your mind prepared to receive that which is very painful for me to relate, and, no doubt, will be extremely painful for you to hear.

We sailed from Gravesend the 1st of March, and had almost a constant succession of contrary winds, and several fresh gales. On the morning of April 6th, being on the banks of Newfoundland we discovered several pieces of ice floating along near our vessel, and in the forenoon some very large pieces like mountains, and some of them very high, approaching us. Our danger was great, yet about mid-day it abated a little, but towards night, became still more threatening. About half past 12 o'clock our vessel struck against a large piece of ice. The shock was dreadful. We immediately tried the pump, and found she had sprung a fresh leak. We set a second pump to work, but all in vain. The fatal blow was now struck. Our captain perceiving the danger, and without giving the steerage passengers the least notice, he immediately left the ship in the small boat. I met Thomas Tice just as he came on deck, and said, "We must all perish; shall we go down and die with our friends below?" He hesitated a moment, and replied, "We can do them no good," and then immediately left the ship to join the captain in the small boat. However, I immediately went down: but oh! my dear brother, how shall I describe the heart-rending scene? I ran to my dear wife, and found her in bed about half drest. I embraced her, as I did my dear parent and sisters. I apprised them of their danger, and exhorted them to pray and look to the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls, telling them, I was come down to die with them, which was then my full intention. I was that moment possessed of a firmness which is not very usual on such occasions; but the cries, tears and prayers of my friends, soon overcame me, and I lost that courage which I at first possessed. I could, however, willingly have gone down with my wife in my arms, but she endeavored to persuade me to use another effort for life. And while I was pointing out the impossibility of our escape, and laboring to reconcile her mind to death, she urged in reply the severe pain her mother would feel to hear of her death. —Through her persuasions, I went on deck again, taking her with me. I now heard the water had got into the forecastle, and of course all hopes were over as to saving the ship. I now assisted the sailors in hoisting up the long boat, after having, with great difficulty, got my wife into it. We lay in the boat one upon another, and immediately the sailors came jumping in upon us, ready to break our bones. But we durst not say a word, being afraid we should be cast overboard. The sailors cut off the boat and pushed her from the ship, for fear so many would jump in as to sink her. You must think my mind was much pained when I was certain several of my friends were left. We had got about a quarter of a mile from the ship when she went down; which, I suppose, might be twenty or thirty minutes after we left her. I then put up my last prayer for my dear departing parent and friends, whom I hope I shall meet again when parting will be no more. It was now about two hours to the dawning of the day, and through mercy it proved a fine morning. This was on Sunday morning. We continued rowing through the whole of the day, in company with the little boat, being at first, I suppose, about 300 miles from any land. It was with great difficulty we got between the pieces of ice, some of which were like large high mountains, and some like long islands, so that we were sometimes obliged to alter our course, and row along side of them, till we could find a parting where to get through. Towards the close of the day, we consulted whether it would be safest to tarry among the ice, or take our chance in the open sea. The result was, that we had better row on, and commit ourselves to the mercy of Him, who speaks and the wind and the seas obey him. We had a long and cold night. I was in great fear about my wife, but she bore her sufferings better than myself. For I had labored so much in the ship before I left it, that my strength was exhausted.

Monday, April 8th, we had a fine morning. We now formed a little sail to assist us in getting our boat along. In the afternoon of this day, the wind arose and the sea began to roll, so that we expected nothing but death. Till this time the small boat was made fast to our stern: but now the captain begged that it might be cut from us, fearing, as our boat was the largest, lest we should draw it under water. We therefore cut them from us, and then, expecting to go down, they begged hard to be taken into our boat, promising to lie under our feet or any where, so that they might be but taken in. A desire of self-preservation induced us to give them a positive denial. They still begged hard, and were making up to board us, as we thought, which caused us to hoist up our little sail and ply our oars, and so we left them.* At length the morning of the 9th of April appeared, but it was foggy and unpleasant, which was much against us. At length the fog cleared off, the day was rather more pleasant, and we got clear of the ice. Our food being very short, we made only two little meals a day, one about ten in the morning, and the other about five in the afternoon.

We had just taken one of these small meals, and were about to resume our labor, when the steward of the ship cried out, in accents of joy, "A sail ahead!" Hope immediately revived in every breast; but this hope was sadly mingled with fear: for, after we had looked some time at this sail, which was at a great distance (at least, nine or ten miles) one of the crew said, "It is either a sail or a piece of ice." Oh who can enter into the true state and feelings of our minds on this occasion! After some time it was plainly discovered to be a sail. We then rowed towards her, but with little hopes of coming up with her. After three or four hours, we perceived the vessel to be a schooner, and hoisted a sailor's jacket and Mrs. P.'s apron as a signal of distress. We now observed the ship to shift her course and stand for us. In about half an hour we came with the vessel. The sailors had covered us over with great coats, that the people of the schooner might not see how many we had on board, lest they should refuse to take us in. Our second mate now asked the captain to take some poor castaways in. "Aye, my sons," he replied, "we will take you in." Immediately we sprung up in the boat, and our number struck the captain with astonishment. But he and his men, being eight in number, received us with tears in their eyes. I was no sooner on deck, but I fell on my face and burst into a flood of tears. The vessel proved to be a Marblehead fisherman.

We had not been on board more than one hour before a strong breeze came on, and had we been at that time at sea in the boat, we must have gone to the bottom. But blessed be the Lord, he saved our lives from destruction!

As there were many schooners from Marblehead at the banks of Newfoundland, we met with several afterwards, and were shifted from one to another till we arrived safe at Marblehead on the 23d of May.

* Mr. M. observes also, that eight persons were saved in the small boat, and thirty-nine in the long boat—in all forty-seven; and that twenty-seven were left on board the ship, and perished. From which, it appears the small boat reached the shore.

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MRS. SUSAN TIMMONS.

Died in Bath, Me. on the 22d of March, 1826, after a short but painful sickness in the 41st year of her age, Mrs. SUSAN TIMMONS, consort of Capt. Thomas Timmons, and eldest daughter of Thomas and Frances Crawford.

The subject of this short memoir lived a stranger to the enjoyment of religion until some time in the year 1810, or 11;—at which time it pleased God, under the preaching of the Rev. T. Merritt, to convince her of her lost and wretched condition as a sinner. She diligently sought and found the pearl of great price, and soon gave lucid evidence of having passed from death unto life. She immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town—of which she remained a worthy and useful member till she finished her earthly pilgrimage. To the doctrines and discipline of our church she was strongly attached. She seldom failed to meet in class, and it was evident, from her constant attendance on public worship, that, to her, a day spent in the courts of God's house was worth a thousand spent in pleasurable sin.

For some months previous to her death, she seemed ripening for her change. Impressed with a sense of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, she saw and deeply felt the necessity of that holiness without which no one can see the Lord.

On the 7th of March she was attacked with the lung fever which baffled the skill of an experienced physician and the power of medicine.—During her sickness she reposed unshaken confidence in God, who was mercifully pleased to lift upon her the light of his countenance, and proportion her strength to her day. In conversation with the writer of these remarks, she observed, "O, how thankful ought I to be that I sought and found religion when blest with health. Sure I am, if I had no interest in Christ, I should sink in despair; but I do rejoice in God; my treasure is in heaven; I feel no desire to recover. To live is Christ, and to die is gain. To me death has lost its sting." I visited her several times in her sickness and found, at each visit, her conversation edifying and comforting. At one time, whilst engaged in prayer, a cloud of divine glory descended and filled the room and the presence of God was sensibly noticed by all present.

For her companion, who was absent at sea, she felt a deep solicitude; but was enabled to commend him to the God who hath said to the proud waves "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." After giving directions concerning her children, and exhorting her aged parents to prepare to meet her in heaven, she enjoyed a comfortable frame of mind. She continued to fail until Wednesday the 22d, when about half past nine o'clock in the evening, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus; leaving an affectionate husband, four children and a numerous circle of relatives and acquaintance to mourn their irreparable loss.

On the following Sabbath, a discourse was delivered on the occasion from Colossians iii. 4. to a respectable and attentive congregation; when, by a large procession of deeply afflicted mourners, she was followed to the house appointed for all living, there in solemn silence to wait the resurrection of the just.

In the death of sister Timmons, her husband has sustained the loss of an affectionate companion—her children, an indulgent mother—her relatives, a faithful friend, and society, an useful member;—but our loss is her infinite and eternal gain.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labour, and their works do follow them."

"What is death, that I should fear it?
To die! why it is to triumph; 'tis to join
The great assembly of the good and just;
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints;
'Tis to behold, oh rapture, to conceive!
Those we have known, loved and lost below;
—Who would not die for this?
Who would not die that they might live for ever!"

Bath, Maine. W. B. MACK.

THE GATHERER.

The celebrated George Whitefield preached his last sermon at Exeter in this state. There were at the time two meeting houses in Exeter, at one of which he was not admitted to preach; and as the other was too small to accommodate the multitude, he mounted upon a hogshead in the open street, which was filled for some distance with anxious spectators, and held forth his peculiar doctrines in that impressive strain of eloquence for which he was remarkable, and by which he turned thousands to embrace his favorite doctrines. The evening after he preached at Exeter, he rode to Newburyport, where he died suddenly of apoplexy.—*N. H. Jour.*

ROYAL ACCIDENT. The Gazette de France gives the following account of an accident that happened to the King yesterday, during his visit to Calvary:—"The King was coming down, surrounded by his suit, one of the steep stairs that led from the platform of the church to the chapel of the stations, and thence to the road, when *his foot slipped, and he fell on his knee.* By a happy effort of reflection and coolness, his majesty threw forward his hands, and the support they gave, kept his head from striking on the steps. The King immediately rose up, and noticing the alarm of his attendants at his fall, *condescended to reassure them, by a gracious smile*, that he had received no injury, and continued to descend the hill on foot as far as Suresne."

[This is the miserable style in which many of the courtly editors of Europe speak of the most ordinary accidents of royal life. A man stumbles and falls on his knee and tries to save himself from falling by putting out his hands. This is called "a happy effort of reflection and coolness!" and then the nonsense about *condescending to reassure* his attendants by a *gracious smile*, that his royal person had not suffered any injury! Give us our western wilds where mind and tongue are free, and where, if a man tumbles, he picks himself up again instinctively, without any "happy effort of reflection and coolness!" The rest is "leather and prunella."]—*Noah's Inquirer.*

It is a Rabbinical observation, that those who live devoutly among the Jews, distribute a tenth part of their estate among the poor; and they give so freely saith Philo the Jew, as if by giving they hoped to receive some great gratuity. Now, if the Jews are so devoted to works of mercy, who live without priest, without temple, without Messiah, shall not we much more who profess our faith in the blessed Messiah? P.

Z

PUBLISHED

Vol. V.

ZION'S HERALD

CONFERENCE PRESS—CONGRESS

T. ASHLEY, PRINTER.

CONDITIONS.

GENERAL AGENTS.

ORIGINAL COMMUNIC